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## IN CASE OF WAR.

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TWO phrases continually on the lips of an indifferent public are, *There's no danger of war*, and *It will be all right when the time comes*. They are both time-dishonoured phrases, known to have been used on the eve of disaster by all peoples who have carried the art of prophecy to its highest pitch of imperfection; yet they reappear again and again, as if to prove how easily the public can forget that there are two qualities of statecraft absolutely necessary in the struggle for international existence—a keen insight at home and a wide outlook abroad. It may seem a little absurd to insist upon anything so very plain as this; but we are always forgetting the lesson of experience, and we need to have it driven home hard and often. We all show much optimistic ingenuity in blinking unpleasant facts—and war is an unpleasant fact, and its nature so plain that we do not care to look it in the face. War is an essential part of the universal struggle for existence; its first knowable cause is the necessity of fighting for survival, for life, for the fulness of growth and expansion.

But, quite apart from the general philosophy of war, there remains this special fact to be reckoned with—that the world is still within that phase of evolution in which war is the main determining factor. Since the first Great International Exhibition of 1851, which was to have ushered in an era of uni-

versal peace, all the exhibitors have been at war—many of them several times over. Russia and Austria have each had two European wars, France and Germany three each, since that dawn of perpetual peace. Besides, there have been furious insurrections in Poland, in the Balkan States, in Italy, in Spain—and in at least a dozen countries outside of Europe. There has been war in every part of Asia; war in India, in Turkestan, in China, in Burmah, in Annam, in Java, in Arabia, in Persia—in every country from Siberia to Sumatra, and from The Levant to Japan. War in every part of Africa, from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Gold Coast to Abyssinia; war North, South, East and West, and war in the wilds of the Hinterlands. War, too, all over the New World; war in South America—in Chili, in Peru, in Bolivia, in Ecuador, in Brazil, in Uruguay; war up by the Caribbean Sea, and war down by the River Plate. War in Central America—in Guatemala, in Nicaragua, in Salvador; war among the islands—in Jamaica, in Hayti, in Cuba. War in North America—in Mexico, in the United States, in Canada itself. And remember that these wars have been as various in kind as they have been many in number. War settled the adjustment of the Austrian Empire, war gave the leadership in Germany to Prussia; the Second French Republic arose in war,

the Second Empire was confirmed by war, fell by war and gave place to the Third Republic during war. The boundaries of the vast Russian Empire have advanced, and are advancing still, through war and the power that springs from war. China has fallen in war; Japan has arisen in war. War alone made possible the unification of Italy, the maintenance of the American Union, the formation of the German Empire. And the British Empire, seek peace as it may, is impelled by the irresistible forces of life, growth and expansion into almost perpetual war. And, as we take an outlook upon this half-century of war, and gain some insight into all those clashing interests, racial and national aims and ideals—to say nothing of those inherent forces in human nature which cannot be changed in one generation, and which have persisted through so many—as we take note of these living, growing, expanding forces all around us, how can we believe those little, blind, false prophets with their eternal cries: *There's no danger of war, and it will be all right when the time comes!*

If any Canadians think that an Armageddon is only foreseen by alarmists, let them read the following opinion, deliberately pronounced by Lord Dufferin, when summing up the experience of his life, in his farewell speech at Belfast, on the 28th of October, 1896. If they think his keen wisdom and vast experience have only led him astray, let them read any other great authority on international affairs; and, if they think all authorities are wrong together—well, there's nothing for it but for them to study the subject themselves. They will not get very far before they have their eyes opened, at once and forever, to the very real and perilous risks run by every state which neglects its defences:

"And now I come to the second conviction which has been borne in upon me during my long contact with the outside world, and it is this—that, in spite of Christianity, in spite of civilization, in spite of humanitarian philosophies and the triumphs of scientific knowledge, in spite of the lessons of history and bitter experiences of a more recent past, *force*, and not right, is still the dominant factor in human

affairs, and no nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand. Above all things, it should be remembered that the possession of a sufficient force to command the respect of a nation's neighbours does a great deal more than guarantee a successful defence in the case of unprovoked attack; it also discourages and prevents a hundred irritating, provoking and impossible demands—nay, it even diminishes the risks of dangerous international newspaper polemics, calming and moderating, to a wonderful degree, the menacing attitude of a pugnacious Press, for even irresponsible and anonymous able editors think twice before insulting an enemy, however hated, that has half-a-million armed men at his disposal, though they may use considerable freedom towards a far more inoffensive friend who they know might have difficulty in putting, on a critical emergency, half an army corps in the field. Under these circumstances it would be madness on our part to be misled and deluded by that kind of amiable and benevolent optimism which always prevails among people who have no personal experience of the real, hard, cruel conditions of international existence, or not to maintain in full vigour, both by sea and by land, the preparations necessary for our own preservation."

If facts and forces have any meaning at all, how can we say *there's no danger of war*, or expect that *it will be all right when the time comes*, unless we, too, prepare to guard our own? Being in the New World will not help us out of danger, for there is only one world now—so complex, so sensitive and so well-armed, that defeat and victory will be brought home to us whether we like it or not, will be brought home to every Canadian man, woman and child. Being a small power makes no difference either, for an unarmed Denmark, or Belgium, or Holland, or Switzerland, or Montenegro could not stand for a day. And there certainly is no escape on the plea of being a member of the British Empire; for the Empire and its allies neither will nor can give effectual help, except to those who help themselves. And help ourselves we must; not by arming beyond our strength, which would leave us worse off than ever; but by arming commensurately with our development, and in the truest spirit of "defence, not defiance."

Looked at from an Imperial point of view, it will be seen how we must bring our Militia into line with our advance in nationhood. All the really effective

forces of the whole Empire may be broadly divided into two kinds: the one Imperial and amphibious, consisting of the Imperial Army and Navy; the other local and military, consisting of every sort of local land force known. The Local Armies should be, as far as possible, self-sufficing for internal war or local attack from without; but, when insufficient, they should be supported in full measure by Imperial aid; and in the case of a great Imperial war, in the issues of which every single part of the Empire would be vitally interested, they, in their turn, should support the Imperial force to the utmost of their power. The first principles of Imperial Defence must be kept steadily in view, if this mutual aid is to be effective. The Navy must be entirely Imperial in origin, character and radius of action; the Imperial Army must be free to act with the Navy upon any base of operations; both together must form one strong, amphibious, mobile force, always ready to play its true rôle in Imperial Defence—that of amphibious attack; and both together must be set free to play this rôle, by receiving the support of Local Armies ready to co-operate from their own bases. Perhaps we shall see these principles a little more clearly by comparing the Empire to a fortified archipelago of five islands—representing the United Kingdom, Canada, India, Australasia and The Cape—all situated on the circumference of a circle, in the centre of which is a sixth island, under Imperial control, and used only as the headquarters of this amphibious Imperial Force. All five would have their own garrisons ready to stand to their guns in case of war; whilst the Imperial Force would be free to strengthen the defence of each and all by at once developing its attack; which attack could, in its turn, be strengthened by the co-operation of the garrisons as circumstances and opportunity allowed.

Now let us see how we have hitherto been preparing to play our part as an auxiliary power to be reckoned with by both friend and foe.

First of all, we must remember that our sedentary militia is nothing else

than the whole manhood of Canada, which, by the very just and proper law of the land, is declared liable for service in case of necessity. According to Whittaker's Almanac it forms a "reserve" of 1,030,000 men; but, in any proper military meaning of the word, it is no more a "reserve" than the census blue-books are—being simply a force on paper and a farce in practice.

Next, we must remember that the Militia Act lays down the law for an active force of 50,000, and says that many things "shall" or "may" be done for the "improving" and "better training" of the "said" force. But the practical outcome of all these good intentions is a total of 36,000 of all ranks. These 36,000 men are as good a force as a country which persists in playing at soldiers can ever hope to have. Indeed, the militia is better than Canada has any right to expect; and, if it was only taken up in patriotic earnest, would soon develop into a force second to no other of its kind.

A few details will show us how this militia is forced into inefficiency by successive governments, and convince us that, until some radical change takes place and the country is thoroughly aroused, it must be sheer madness to say *it will be all right when the time comes*. Let us take a look into the different branches of the force, and after that let us try to see what would happen if they were ordered to mobilize in case of war.

The Royal Military College at Kingston is the Canadian Sandhurst, Woolwich and Staff College all combined. It does its work well, sending out a score or so of capable, highly-trained graduates every year, some into the Imperial army, but most into civil life. It also does its work cheaply, costing the country only one cent per annum per head of the population. Naturally enough this work is highly appreciated all over the Empire, all over the States, and everywhere else where an old cadet has gone; also all over Canada, among all the militia, among all civilians qualified to judge, and among all our public

men with any pretensions to statesmanship. But as Canada allows her government appointments to go so much by favour, and favour to be so much an affair of ignorant, greedy and dishonest politicians, she has only herself to thank if Kingston trains men for every other service but her own. The root of all militia evil is the pettifogging politician.

The Permanent Corps are limited by the Militia Act to a very insufficient strength of 1,000 men, exclusive of officers. They are reduced by the estimates to 802, inclusive of officers. All three arms are generally well below their establishment, and the drafts for the Klondyke will practically destroy the infantry altogether. They are divided into ten units—four of infantry, two of cavalry and four of artillery; and these little units are so isolated that no station has all three arms of the service, and only one can boast of two. Each unit of each arm is far too weak for any real efficiency; the separate units of the same arm are never brought together; neither are the combined units of the three arms; consequently there never can be any manœuvres at all. The field equipment is very far from perfect, and there is no such thing as a corps of engineers, much less any sort of commissariat and transport. The men are enlisted for three years, the officers are appointed by political patronage, promotion is slow and stops at the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, there are no professional prospects to speak of, and no pensions to look forward to. Yet the force itself has a good personnel, with enough able and zealous officers to make it a model school of military instruction, if only the country would complete its organization, set it upon a proper footing, and remove the blighting influences of politics, weakness and isolation.

Now let us take the best known of all military units—an infantry battalion. As we are here on the ground which is most familiar to the general public we may go a little more closely into details.

The section organization in the new

Infantry drill is, in many ways, admirably adapted to militia purposes. The section, consisting of not more than 20 men and under its own commander, is the smallest organized unit. As chums are put into the same section, where they live together, mess together, and drill together, it stands to reason that they must be continually learning how to fight together. Unfortunately, in our hurried training, the section is apt to lose its individuality in the company; whilst, on the other hand, the companies are apt to remain too independent of the battalions. The fact is, that, in putting our military house in order, we never lay the foundations properly and never put the roof on at all. Our system works without beginning or end, and it huddles up the middle. A recruit is enlisted and goes through 36 hours drill a year. But he has to go into the ranks long before he has mastered the simplest rudiments of soldiering; then, just as he is in the middle of a course of training, which is always a little beyond him, the annual inspection comes, and with it a pat on the back, after which he is in a fair way towards thinking himself quite the knowing old hand. If the Canadian Tommy Atkins is to be given a fair chance of learning his work, he must go through a regular recruit-course before being put into the ranks at all. If nothing better can be done for him, his first year's service should be made a recruit-course pure and simple; and he should figure in the Militia returns as a recruit and nothing else. And if there is to be a real reserve, it must be got by making our system workable—by having a recruit-course for the beginning, annual trainings for the middle, and a trained, enrolled reserve for the end. A few crack corps do wonderfully well, considering; but our system stunts them for all that, and it forces many a battalion below any proper minimum standard of efficiency. Nothing really good can come of it until it is given a beginning, a middle, and an end, by being based upon the three Militia R's—Recruits, Ranks and Reserves.



The disproportion between the total of all ranks given in the Militia List and the actual number of rifles ready for the fire-fight is rather alarming to the military eye, and must be somewhat mysterious to the civilian. In the average battalion—which is under 300 all told—there are barely 200 actual combatant rank-and-file. When you have deducted from these all recruits in their first year of service, all men under 20 and over 50, all under the standard height or chest measurement, and all physically unfit, you will be lucky to find much more than 100 left. By re-enlisting old hands you might get back to the establishment of 200; but beyond that you could not go; for, even if a few corps managed to turn out over-strength, they would be counterbalanced by others less favourably circumstanced. Then there is the tendency towards allowing rifle-practice to become a mere branch of sport, an affair of cups and badges, of crack shots and championship teams. Of course, the sport of it is wholly admirable in itself, and the more crack shots we have the better; but the first military consideration is the training of sections and companies in effective fire-tactics. In the great drama of real battle we do not so much want a troupe composed of a few “stars” and many “sticks” as a fire-unit of more well-balanced power.

Supposing, however, that the effective rank-and-file can turn out for war at full peace-strength, then remember that the section-commanders have had very few opportunities of learning how to handle their men, that the officers with the colours are about one-third short of their complement, that new officers are generally raw, and old ones generally rusty. Besides, where are we to find trained men for the Maxim-guns, for signallers, for pioneers and for half-a-dozen other things? Are all these to come out of the miserably thin ranks? Then, how is the battalion to be equipped? A few sealed patterns at Ottawa will hardly go round; neither the Oliver, nor any other equipment, can be manufactured at a moment's notice; and it is impos-

sible to suddenly equip isolated units from a centralized headquarters by even the most lavish contracts. And, after this, how are the regimental supply and transport to be created out of next to nothing on the spur of the moment? When a good citizen is inclined to believe wild clap-trap about a people rising in their might, and flying to arms *en masse*, he should pause to take note of a detail here and there. For instance: an untrained people, however brave, are only a mob; the Canadian people would have to fly a very long way indeed before they found any arms; and, having found some sort of arms at last, they would have to work through all the difficulties we have just glanced at, and do their work with every chance of making confusion worse confounded. Then he should solve this problem which goes to the very root of the matter: How are we to train the personnel into discipline? The solution cannot be given off-hand, nor compressed into a sentence; but the first thing is to begin at the beginning, by imbuing the recruit with the spirit of willing obedience, and teaching him the reason why. The next is to take him, as far as possible, towards true discipline, remembering that the basis of all true discipline is self-sacrifice, trained and organized for the common military good.

The cavalry, besides suffering from all the ills that infantry is heir to, has plenty of troubles of its own; its development is simply impossible under present circumstances, and it urgently requires to be given a generous measure of reform all round. To begin with, it is absurd to treat cavalry in exactly the same way as infantry. It needs a longer recruit-course, longer annual trainings and longer service in the ranks before passing into the reserve; also a stronger peace-establishment. Again, it must be trained as cavalry, and not in two directions at once. The attempt to produce a force of trooper-riflemen has always resulted in failure, and always will. Great things have been expected, time and again, from men to act as both cavalry

and infantry ; but the actual result has invariably been that abortive hybrid, once technically known as a "dragoon," and accurately defined—with quite unconscious wit—as "a soldier who fights *indifferently*, either on horseback or on foot." Cavalrymen must know how to use their carbines on foot when necessary, and they must know their work as the eyes and ears of an army, too ; but they must also be trained to use shock-tactics, they must be taught to charge. Mounted infantry are quite distinct from cavalry, being mounted solely for mobility, and for no other purpose whatsoever. They have their own part to play, and an important part it is ; but they must play it as very mobile infantry, and as nothing else. A corps of mounted troops in our Militia, fitted for its all-round work in war, would require several specialised component parts trained to act together: there should be cavalry, horse artillery to support it, mounted infantry, with maxims to act in co-operation, and cyclists to do the road-work.

To get some idea of the difficulties in the way of a field battery, we must add most of the infantry and cavalry together, and throw in the questions of draught-horses, of ammunition columns, and of all the intricacies of a complicated material of war.

The Garrison Artillery not only has infantry and artillery troubles in full measure, but suffers from some false training as well. The English coast defence system—elaborated after naval models—is applicable to such places as Halifax and St. John, and to the coast of British Columbia. But the garrisons of other places want something different. The Cobourg company, for instance, might be drilled with the new six and twelve-pounder quick-firers, which, being land service guns on naval mountings, would serve for harbour defence either afloat or ashore. And the Montreal regiment might be distinctively siege and position artillery, drilled with forty-pounders and howitzers, and practised in horsing for the requisite mobility.

The engineers are the fourth arm of

the service, and are an indispensable auxiliary to the other three. The Canadian Militia has just two active companies and a reserve of officers ! This speaks for itself.

What do you think would happen if this whole Militia was called out together ? What indeed ! There are twelve military districts in Canada, each with some sort of brigade staff. But there are considerably over 100 separate units, not more than four of which could safely be formed into one brigade. Now, four times twelve make forty-eight ; so you have used up your staff before you are half through with brigades alone. After brigades come divisions, requiring larger staffs ; and after divisions come army corps ; and after that—The Deluge !

But even if the force could be got into the field, what would happen then ? How is it to be fed and moved about and supplied with all the material of war ? Where is the commissariat, the transport, the hospital corps ? Where are the field equipments, the reserve of ammunition and the columns to take it to the front ? What is the possible output of the cartridge factory at Quebec and the militia store department at Ottawa ? Where are the dépôts for recruits and reserves and re-mounts for the cavalry corps ? None of these things are fancy articles, nor expensive luxuries, nor military bric-à-brac of any kind ; but each and all of them, in due proportion, are necessary component parts of every army which means business and no single one of them can be improvised on the spur of the moment. If you will read the official reports on the North-West Rebellion, you will see how hard it was to keep a fraction of the force at the front ; how, in order to do this, the personnel of many units not in the field was called upon for various services ; how the reserve material of the whole Militia was drawn upon ; and, most important of all, how very unsatisfactory all the various make-shifts were found to be. The able and gallant members of the North-West force succeeded because the resources of the

whole Militia were strained for their support. But had half the Militia been needed at the front, the strain on the military resources of Canada would have reached the breaking point. Things have altered a little since then; but, until every single branch of the service has an effective peace-footing to form upon, it is simply out of the question to talk about calling out the whole Militia. And as for a national *levée en masse*, it is both absurd and impossible—a thing beyond the bounds of reason altogether.

Before leaving our inquiry we must go back to one point already noted, because it is of supreme importance for both present and future—this is the question of officers. Whatever else the country may do, it must see that the militia has competent officers, and plenty of them. We are nearly a third short now, which is most unsatisfactory. But this is hardly to be wondered at so long as Canada only “plays soldiers” with the force which she expects to find *all right when the time comes*. Many suitable men cannot believe in the reality of our military needs, and find it hard to see their patriotic duty from the proper point of view. Every man fit to be “an officer and a gentleman” owes his country service in the Militia; and the country should always encourage him to come forward, not compelling him to spend too much money, though, of course, not putting any in his pocket when all accounts are settled up. Many men have unsuspected qualifications for the military calling; boxing, fencing, wheeling, athletics of every kind, running the rapids yourself, and every other form of manly sport are all real aids to training for war. Riding to hounds, or a day after cariboo, will show one how to learn the lay of the land. Handling a yacht in a squall, or taking hockey and football teams through to victory, are no bad preparation for leading a company or a squadron. A good chess-player is an apt pupil at the war-game, which itself helps on towards tactical fitness for command. In short, a man may approach the “fit and proper” status in a hundred pleasant ways.

The commission once taken, it would be well to remember a dictum which embodies the views of all great masters of the art of war: “It is an unanswerable assertion that only by the study of the past experience of war has any great soldier ever prepared himself for commanding armies.” Now, a good scholar who was an officer might learn something from even such remote accomplishments as a knowledge of the Classics or Italian, for the human factors in warfare are always the same. Besides, Thucydides can give points to Von Moltke and Napier in the sense of proportion; Cæsar’s account of his victory over the Nervii is better reading than anything by Sir William Russell or Mr. Archibald Forbes; and Machiavelli’s views on a militia are better than those of most Canadian Cabinet Ministers. And as for contemporary military literature, there is enough and to spare. All soldiers know their Hamley and Prince Kraft, their Franco-German War and the works of Sir George Clark, Sir Charles Dilke, General Maurice and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson; and most of them have learnt the secret of sea-power from Captain Mahan. The Canadian militiamen have all the problems of the Northwest stated in the official reports, and can study the Raid of 1866 in the vivid account of Colonel Denison and in recent numbers of this magazine. But there must always be great difficulty in choosing from out of such a superabundant mass of information; and this should be overcome by creating an Intelligence Department under a Staff college graduate, who, being well up all round and knowing French, German and Russian, should stimulate and direct our studies by every means in his power.

Reorganization is beyond the scope of the present article. All that can be done here is to set down an A, B, C suggestion for it. The Militia must have, first of all, complete organic life, and all its organs full proportional development, lest the breakdown of one organ should cause the death of the whole body; secondly, there must be Recruits, Ranks and Reserves; and

thirdly, an effective peace-establishment, numbering one-hundredth part of our population, should be trained for an average of one-twentieth part of the year. Surely this is not excessive ; and it is well worth aiming at, for the Militia, reorganized within these limits, would fully safeguard Canada, without in the least straining her resources.

But this safeguard of our present life, our future growth and our abiding honour can only be obtained by awakening, throughout all Canada, a quickened sense of our dangers and our duties as the foremost sovereign state within that mighty Empire which, in the time to come, must organize its whole united strength if it would hold its own in the midst of an eager, hard, mail-fisted world. We need not be at all unneighbourly, still less jingoistic in the least degree ; but, always keeping well within the limits of our strength, we should put our organized Militia at once upon an equal footing with the rest of

our national development. All the sentiments and resources in the world cannot take us out of danger unless we are well organized ; and unorganized resources always keep the hour of danger close at hand, for those who make themselves sheep never find a lack of wolves. Under these circumstances our duty lies plain before us. Canada has urgent need of a direct appeal from all that is most able in her Press to all that is most patriotic in her citizens ; so that an undivided country—rising above the strife of parties for the common good—may give its mandate to the statesmanship of Parliament. And this appeal should go forth now ; for other Powers are readier than our own, and the question which the guardians of their destinies are asking their far-posted sentinels to-day is the very question of the days of old—"Watchman, what of the night?"

*William Wood.*



#### TO JUNE.

I BRING my petty triumphs all to thee, dear June,  
 And with them all my blighted hopes and ruined  
 dreams ;  
 And, nestling in thy bosom, hear thy loved voice croon  
 Above me in the pine-tops, where a soft wind streams  
 Up from the daisied meadows, where thy holy peace  
 Rests like a benediction on the smiling land.  
 My soul from sorrow, in thy presence, finds release—  
 Finds healing in thy breath and in thy flowery hand.  
 Ambition came between us, and I wandered far  
 Upon a thorny way ; but now thy wearied child  
 Turns yearning back to thee, praying thou wilt unbar  
 The golden portals to thy dwelling, undefiled.

*Bradford K. Daniels.*

## OLD NO. 7.

### *A Railway Tale.*

A PECULIAR propensity for the abnormal is a gift bestowed upon me by my ancestors. I intuitively note points of departure from the ordinary, wheresoever found. A strange leaf, flower or insect, an unusual contour or depression—anything out of the common—presents a problem to be solved. An impelling influence takes direction over me and says, "Why is this thus?—you must find out."

Being constructed after this fashion, you may imagine what a quivering note of interrogation I became when, on a brief visit to Slocum-on-the-Flat, I saw, in a patch of garden by the side of the railway, the battered fore-carriage of a locomotive, of ancient pattern, resplendent in a new coat of paint. That it had outlived its usefulness I saw; then, why was it in that garden, and so carefully tended? Why had it not been broken up, instead of being left there to worry people? "If," I said to myself, as we drew into the station, "I wasn't going to stop here, that confounded thing would have brought me back; my duty to a curious family would have demanded a solution of the mystery."

"Depend upon it," I muttered, "that thing has been planted there for a purpose; it's a put-up thing to make people stop at this little one-horse place, that's what it is. If one man stops and stares hard at nothing, plenty of others will stop and stare at it, too. The company knows that; it owns the land hereabouts, mayhap, and wants to boom it. The directors said to themselves: 'This is a sweet little place, has all the desiderata for suburban residences; no footpaths, no water, no gas, difficult to get to, or out of—everything perfect, in fact; only, it isn't known. What's to be done about it? We must lure the people here, somehow.'"

"I've got it!" says a bloated shareholder, "put up Old No. 7 in some unusual and prominent place, it's sure to attract some curious cuss who'll want to find out all about it; then he'll talk and that'll fetch others, see?—the trick's done!"

The antiquated old fossil of a machine worried me so that I walked back to it, up the line, and there discovered a once complete porter, placidly hacking with the aid of one hand and a hook.

"She ought to be broken up!" I said.

"She'll never be broke up whilst I live," returned the old man, with something of indignation in his tones and gestures. "It's evident you don't know that engin', sur."

There was a quaint, kindly look about the battered old chap that favourably impressed me. He was short and bent and had lost a leg, its place being supplied with one of wood. He was clad in an old worn suit of corduroy, with a peaked cloth cap, bearing in front, in metal letters, the legend "Porter." His hair was of the variety known to science as "carrots," and it covered his face nearly to the eyes. His hand and leg had been taken off while shunting with Old No. 7, he said, but he was careful to explain to me that he didn't bear her any malice on that account; on the contrary, he was grateful to the "Ole Gal," and thereby hangs this tale.

"She's bin a good gal in her time," said the old man, warmly, "a good gal, one of the best; no other engin' ain't done what she done," and he waved his hook oratorically.

"Now, my friend," I remarked, "I'm a lonely stranger and an orphan, likewise an unsophisticated Canadian, unaccustomed to guile; tell me, therefore, with as little rustic adornment as possible, the unsandpapered



facts about this machine." What particular crime has she been guilty of to cause her to be left out here in all weathers?"

"I be a goin' back to the village, arter I finish this row," returned the old cripple, "and if so be as how you don't mind I a walkin' along o' you, I'll tell yer all about it goin' along, sur." He finished the row, locked up his tools in a handmade shed and was soon stumping along by my side. Job, job, stumped the wooden leg, the iron hook was in full swing. "Who leads a good life is sure to live well," chirruped the maimed old porter.

My curiosity was diminishing, my interest in that locomotive was growing gradually less—I had met a philosopher!

"You're not overpaid?" I queried.

"No, mister, no, ten bob a week don't keep up much of a palace. It's a bit awkward to know what to do with that vast sum every seven days; but we does it, yus, the old 'oman and me does it. Yer see, there's three shillings fer rent, that leaves seven; it don't go fur in poultry, of course, but, then, we never were much o' ones fer game; and it comes ter quite a big lot when yer comes ter count it up in fardins," said the old chap, brightly. "No," he added, reflectively, "we ain't got nothing ter grumble erbout, we ain't."

Joskins—the old chap's name was Joskins—was richer than a millionaire.

"What I'm er goin' ter tell yer about happened forty years ago, mister," he began.

"Forty years!" I exclaimed, "it's a long time."

"It's forty year ago this werry day," he continued, "and I'm sixty-foive; 'cause why? it's my birthday."

"Do you smoke?" I asked.

"When I can get any 'bacca," replied the old fellow.

I filled my pipe and handed him the pouch. "Take the lot," I said.

His eye twinkled, he hung the pouch on his hook, and emptied its contents into his waistcoat pocket with his hand. He handed back the pouch, filled a clay pipe dexterously, struck a

match, inhaled a volume of smoke and exhaled it by slow emissions.

"Good?" I queried.

He nodded his head. "It are," he said, emphatically.

"It was in the arternoon," began the old cripple, "just such a day as what this one's been; clammy and cold, with just enough damp to make the rails what I calls greasy. I'd a been very busy shunting since early morning with Old No. 7, only she warn't called Old No. 7 then, just plain No. 7 she was and a beauty, too, I can tell yer. Not so pow'ful, p'raps, as what these new-fangled things is, but a good deal more prettier, I think. I can tell yer just exactly all about it, 'cause there ain't bin no alteration worth speaking about since, only that brick bridge what yer sees down the line there, which was wood. If that there bridge had a bin a brick 'un, then, what I'm a goin' ter tell yer erbout wouldn't a happened; but, there, somethink worse might a done—yer never knows, and I ain't a goin' ter grumble anyways."

Puff, puff, went the pipe; job, job, stumped the leg; the iron hook was in full swing again.

"P'raps I better explain things a bit," he continued, "afore I talk, you not knowin' nothink about the suck-amstances; leastways, it ain't likely, you not being borned then, maybe."

"Well, yer see, I was considered a tidy likely chap like, then; and I'd a bin married about two years ter Sarie Jane Smith, what had bin housemaid up at the 'all, and a loikely wench she wur, too, and so she's proved. Well, we had a little boy, as 'ansum a little young 'un as ever you clapped yer eyes on, and all the nayburs said as how he did favour me consid'able. Only he had somethink the matter with his eyes, and the squire, he were that good, he was, he told us to take him horf to Lunnon and he'd pay ther' spences. So Sarie, what had a sister in Lunnon, where she was arsked ter stay, and kindly welcome, she goed, and fust rate the baby did get on, he did. So she rote ter say as how she'd be back by ther two-forty from Lud-

gate, what got here erbout foive. And she said how pleased I'd be, and how pleased she and the baby wor and how pleased we'd all be, a spending my birthday tergether, loike.

"We had two pints atween here and Stanbourne Junction, like what we got now, for shunting; and two pints and a pretty big siding t'other side, fer brick trucks mostly, the brickfields over the hill beyont sendin' a tidy lot a bricks ter London and Dover and thereabouts. On the partic'lar day I'm telling yer about, me an' my mate'd made up a big load of heavy trucks at ther Junction to push up here on the siding ter reload, expecting ter get through afore the down five was due. Well, we got on all right until we come to this steep grade here, 'though passin' over ther bridge I did say to my mate: 'Lor, Bill, how that ricketty thing do shake.' And he, bein' busy a firin' like, he says, 'Oh, she'll be a fallin' some o' these fine days, I told yer.' We got on werry well, I say, until we do come to this steep grade here, when I'm blest if the ole gal didn't stick, and move her we could'nt.

"We was in a tidy way, er course," he resumed, "being expected to do ther job all right, and ther time getting on for ther down five; but what with ther weight behind, ther steep gradient and ther greasy rails, there we just stuck, and move her we couldn't, leastwise forards. We was in a tidy way, fer sure, a blocking the line like that, with Sairey and ther little un a coming, and ther squire an' a large party; me a knowin' 'cause I'd promised to 'sist ther coachman with ther luggage.

"Well, bein' in er fix we had ter git out of it the best ways we could, and so, arter a consertation with ther station-master, he told us ter run back

and git on ther up line by ther pint above the bridge until ther foive was through, and it's lucky I did."

"Why was it lucky?" I asked.

"You'll see how lucky it wor, when I told yer," replied Joskins.

"Well, it wor easy enough goin' back'ards down that steep grade," he continued, "and all was agoin' all right 'ceptin we bein' anxious cos things was so wrong, like, we not bein' able to go for'ards like wot was expected; we was a gettin' along all right, I say, until we comes to ther bridge; then there was a katastrofy, 'cause ther bridge kerlapsed—me not a seeing it much 'cause I was throwed unner ther ingin'. But ther down was saved and Sairey and ther baby an' ther squire an' his party, 'sides others. An' my mate an' ther guard they jumps, and I was the only one what was hurt, and that's what I calls fortunite; werry for'nit," he added, with a beam, "and it bein' my birthday, too!"

"It's surprising how really good-looking ugly people can seem," I said to myself.

"People behaved werry 'an'some, arterwards," he added, "werry 'an'some. The squire, being a director, had the engin' put up where she be, me bein' fond of her, she saving ther down, like, and I couldn't drive no more; and the comp'ny they was werry 'an'some, too, 'cause they let me have ther bit o'groun' what I got now, an' they don't charge nothink; and they kep' me on ever since, a doin' odd jobs erbout ther station, er sweepin', an' errants, an' ther like er that."

"At the magnificent salary of ten shillings weekly!" I added.

"Yus," returned the old hero, misinterpreting my meaning, "it be werry 'an'some of 'em, bain't it?"

*W. E. Hunt (Keppell Strange.)*



## THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

*A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)*

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

### VIII. THE CANADIAN HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812-14.

BY 1812, or thirty years after the coming of the Loyalists, there were between five hundred and five hundred and fifty thousand people within the limits of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Lower Canada and Upper Canada, all in the enjoyment of representative government. Of the total French and English population there were probably two hundred and twenty thousand persons who spoke the English language. Seventy thousand were found in Nova Scotia, forty thousand in New Brunswick, ten thousand in Prince Edward Island, twenty thousand in Lower Canada, and eighty thousand in Upper or Western Canada. The French people made up at least one-half of the total population of all British North America. These people had some grievances, and political agitators, notably the writers of the *Canadien*, were creating jealousies and rivalries between the French and English races, chiefly on the ground of the dominant influence of the British minority in the administration of public affairs. On the whole, however, the country was prosperous, and the people generally contented with British rule, whose freedom bore such striking contrast to the absolutism of their old French masters. The French Canadians might be justly considered as loyal supporters of British connection, which protected their church, their language, and their civil law and customs. The majority of the British population were the Loyalists and their descendants, who had become deeply attached to

their new homes, whilst recalling with feelings of deep bitterness the sufferings and trials of the American revolution, and the cruelty and tyranny which had driven them from the old colonies when rebellion was triumphant. This class were naturally attached to British rule, and hostile to every innovation which had the least semblance of American republicanism. In the western part of the Province of Upper Canada there was, however, an American element composed of people who had been brought into the country by the liberal grants of land made to settlers, and were not animated by the high sentiments of the Loyalists of 1783 and succeeding years. These people, for some years previous to 1813, were misled by political demagogues like Wilcox and Marcle, both of whom deserted to the enemy soon after the outbreak of the war. Emissaries from the republic were busily engaged for months, we now know, in fomenting a feeling against England among these later immigrants, and in persuading them that the time was close at hand when Canada would be annexed to the Federal republic. Some attempts were even made to create discontent among the French Canadians, but no success appears to have followed these efforts in a country where the bishop, priests and leading men of the rural communities perfectly appreciated the value of British connection.

It demanded, however, such a war as that of 1812-14 to stimulate the latent energies of all classes of people, drive out of the country all those persons who were positively disloyal, force the weak and uncertain to take a decided

part, and bring out a national and imperial sentiment, which gave even then a certain unity to the isolated communities of British North America. It may be said that this war was really a blessing in disguise, since it showed the United States that Canada was determined to remain a part of the British dominions, and at the same time gave the people confidence in their ability to hold their own on this continent as long as they remained faithful to the British Crown.

The statesmen and politicians of the United States who were responsible for the war looked on the British Provinces as so many weak communities which could be easily invaded and conquered by the republican armies. Upper Canada with its long and exposed frontier, its small and scattered population—some of whom were not loyal, or at least of doubtful loyalty—was considered to be utterly indefensible and almost certain to be successfully occupied by the invading forces. There was not a town of one thousand souls in the whole of that great province, and the only forts of any pretension were those on the Niagara frontier. Kingston was a fortified town of some importance in the eastern part of the province; but York had no adequate means of defence. At the commencement of the war there were only fourteen hundred and fifty regular troops in the whole country west of Montreal, and these men were scattered at Kingston, York, Niagara, Chippewa, Erie, Amherstburg and St. Joseph. The total available militia did not exceed four thousand men, the majority of whom had little or no knowledge of military discipline, and were not even in possession of suitable arms and accoutrements, though, happily, all were animated by the loftiest sentiments of courage and patriotism. In the lower provinces of Eastern Canada and Nova Scotia there was a considerable military force, varying in the aggregate from four to five thousand men. The fortifications of Quebec were in a tolerable state of repair, but the citadel which dominates Halifax was in a dilapidated

condition. The latter port was, however, the rendezvous of the English fleet, which afforded always adequate protection to British interests on the Atlantic coasts of British North America, despite the depredations of privateers, and the successes attained during the first months of the war by the superior tonnage and equipment of the frigates of the republic. But the hopes that were entertained by the war party in the United States could be gathered from the speeches of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who believed that the issue would be favourable to their invading forces, who would even "negotiate terms of peace at Quebec or Halifax."

When we consider the large population and powerful resources of the American Republic with the weakness of the British Provinces at a time when England was crippled by European complications, we cannot be surprised that the authors of the war in the United States should have gone into it with much confidence on their side. The total population of the Union was upwards of eight million souls, of whom a million and a half were negro slaves in the South. Large wastes of wild land lay between the Canadian settlements and the thickly populated sections of New England, New York and Ohio. It was only with great difficulty and expense that men, munitions of war and provisions could be brought to the frontier during the war. Despite these natural obstacles to the invasion of Canada, the Government was able to send army after army into Canada, especially into Upper Canada. It was estimated that during the war the United States had a militia force of between four and five hundred thousand men called out to drill, and for service whenever necessary, and a regular army of thirty-four thousand officers and privates. The forces that invaded Canada by the way of Lake Champlain, Sackett's Harbour, the Niagara and Detroit Rivers, were vastly superior on all occasions to the Canadian army of defence except in the closing months of the war, when Prevost ordered his Pen-

insular veterans to retire from Plattsburg.

One condition was always in favour of Canada, and that was the sullen apathy or antagonism felt by the people of New England with respect to the war. Had they been in a different spirit Lower Canada would have been in far greater danger of successful invasion and occupation than was the case at any time during the progress of the conflict. The famous march of Arnold on Quebec by the Kennebec and Chaudière Rivers might have been repeated with more serious consequences while Prevost, and not Guy Carleton, was in supreme command in the Lower Province. No doubt the Government of the United States, in hoping for a successful result to the war, especially in Canada, was largely influenced by the knowledge that England was forced to employ nearly all her military resources in Europe, where she was engaged in a bitter struggle against Napoleon. It is melancholy to think that a people of British origin on this continent should have ever looked forward to a tyrant's success, and the consequent downfall of England.

It is not possible within the limits of this short paper to do anything like justice to the War of 1812-14 by a description of the various battles and engagements which reflect so much credit on the courage of the British troops as well as on the militia of Canada, who took so active and effective a part in this memorable struggle for the integrity of their country. I can attempt to limn only the events which stand out most plainly on the graphic pages of this momentous epoch in the Canadian history, and pay a humble tribute to the memory of these men, whose achievements saved Canada to England in those days of trial. From the beginning to the end of the conflict, Upper Canada was the only province that suffered from the hostile army. It was the principal battle ground upon which the contestants fought for the supremacy in North America. Its frontiers were frequently crossed, its territory was invaded, and its towns and villages

were destroyed by the ruthless hand of a foe who entered the province, not only with the sword of a soldier but even with the torch of the incendiary. The plan of operations at the outset of the campaign was to invade the province across the Niagara and Detroit Rivers, neither of which offered any real obstacles to the passage of a determined and well-managed army in the absence of strong fortifications or a superior defensive force at every vulnerable point along the Canadian banks. Queenston was to be a base of operations for a large force which would overrun the whole province and eventually co-operate with troops which would come up from Lake Champlain and march on Montreal. The forces of the United States in 1812 acted with considerable promptitude as soon as war was officially declared, and had they been led by able commanders the result might have been most unfortunate for Canada. The resources for defence were relatively insignificant, and there was indecision and weakness shown by Sir George Prevost, then Commander-in-Chief and Governor General—a well-meaning man, who was wanting in ability as a military leader and was at the time hampered by the vacillating counsels of the Liverpool Administration, who did not believe war was imminent until the province was actually invaded. It was fortunate for Canada that she had then at the head of the Government in the Upper Province General Brock, who proved that he fully comprehended the serious situation of affairs when his superiors both in England and Canada did not appear to understand their full significance. He inspired the Legislature of Upper Canada with his confidence and patriotism, so that the majority in the lower House rose superior to the vacillating and doubtful counsels of a small minority influenced by Wilcox and Marcle, who were subsequently expelled. The Assembly passed an address which gave full expression to the patriotic sentiments which animated all classes of people when the perilous state of affairs and the necessity for energetic



action became apparent to the dullest minds.

The Legislature of Lower Canada authorized, from time to time, a large issue of "army bills," which were most effective in their operation. The other provinces also made considerable contributions to the public defences.

The Loyalists and their descendants as well as other loyal people rallied at the moment of danger to the support of Brock, and the immediate result of his decisive orders was the capture of the post of Michillimackinac, which had been, ever since the days of the French regime, a position of great importance on the upper lakes. Then followed the ignominious surrender of General Hull and his army to Brock, with the consequent occupation of Detroit and the present State of Michigan by the British troops. Later, on the Niagara frontier, an army of invaders was driven from Queenston Heights, but this victory cost the life of the great English general, whose promptitude at the commencement of hostilities saved the province. Among other brave men who fell with Brock was the Attorney-General of the province, Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonell, who was one of the General's aide-de-camps. General Sheaffe, the son of a Loyalist, took command and drove the enemy across the river, in whose rapid waters many were drowned while struggling to save themselves from the pursuing British soldiery.

A later attempt by General Smyth to invade Canadian territory opposite Black Rock, on the Niagara River, was also attended with the same failure that attended the futile attempts to cross the Detroit and occupy the heights of Queenston. At the close of 1812, Upper Canada was entirely free from the army of the republic, the Union Jack floated above the fort at Detroit, and the ambitious plan of invading the French province and seizing Montreal was given up on account of the disasters to the enemy in the west. The party of peace in New England gathered strength, and the only consolation given to the promoters of the

war were the triumphs obtained at sea by some heavily armed and well-manned frigates of the United States—much to the surprise of the Government and people of England, who never anticipated that their maritime superiority could be in any way endangered by a nation whose naval strength was considered so insignificant. But these victories of the republic on the ocean during the first year of the war were soon effaced by the records of the two subsequent years when the *Chesapeake* was captured by the *Shannon*, and other successes of the British ships restored the prestige of England on the seas. The only danger to British commerce arose from the depredations of the numerous swift privateers that carried the Stars and Stripes, but the captures they made were very insignificant compared with the prizes taken by British cruisers.

In the second year of the war the United States won some military and naval successes in the upper province, although the final results of the campaign were largely in favour of the defenders of Canada. The war opened with the defeat of General Winchester at Frenchtown, on the River Raisins, in the present State of Michigan; but this success, which was won by General Procter, was soon forgotten in the taking of York, the capital of the province and the destruction of its public buildings. This event forced General Sheaffe to retire to Kingston, while General Vincent retreated to Burlington Heights when the invading army occupied Fort George and held the Niagara frontier. Sir George Prevost showed his military incapacity at Sackett's Harbour, where he had it in his power to capture a post which was an important base of operations against the province. On the other hand, Colonel George Macdonell made a successful attack on Ogdensburg and fittingly avenged the raid that an American force had made a short time previously on Elizabethtown, which was called Brockville not long afterwards in honour of the great general. An advance of the invading army on

the position held by General Vincent was checked by the memorable success won at Stoney Creek by Colonel Harvey and the surrender at Beaver Dams of Colonel Boerstler to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, whose clever strategy enabled him to capture a large force of the enemy while in command of a few soldiers and Indians. When September arrived, the small, though all important, British fleet on Lake Erie, under the command of Captain Barclay, sustained a fatal defeat at Put-in-Bay, and the United States vessels under Commodore Perry held full control of Lake Erie. A few weeks later, General Procter lost the reputation which he had won in January by his defeat of Winchester, and was beaten under circumstances which disgraced him in the opinion of his superiors, on the River Thames not far from the Indian village of Moraviantown. This village was wantonly destroyed by the triumphant forces led by General Harrison, who had won some reputation in the Indian campaign in the Northwest, and became, as well as his grandson, in later times, the President of the United States.

It was in this engagement that the Shawanese Chief, Tecumseth, was killed and a faithful and brave ally was lost to England. Matters consequently looked very gloomy in 1813 for English interests in the west, when the auspicious tidings spread from the lakes to the Atlantic that the forces of the republic, while on their march to Montreal by the way of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, had been successfully met and repulsed at Chateaugay and Chrystler's. These were two of the most memorable engagements of the war, when we consider the insignificant forces that checked the invasion and saved Canada at a most critical time.

In the last month of the same year Fort George was evacuated by the American garrison, but not before General McClure had shamelessly burned the pretty town of Niagara, and driven helpless women and children into the ice and snow of a Canadian

winter. General Gordon Drummond, who was in command of the western army, retaliated by the capture of Fort Niagara and the destruction of all the villages on the American side of the river as far as Buffalo, then a very insignificant place. When the new year dawned the only place in possession of the enemy was Amherstburg on the western frontier.

The third and last year of the war was distinguished by the capture of Oswego and Prairie-des-Chiens by a British expedition, the repulse of a large force of the invaders at Lacolle Mill in Lower Canada, by the surrender of Fort Erie to the enemy, the defeat of General Riall at Street's or Usher's Creek in the Niagara district, the hotly contested battle won at Lundy's Lane by Drummond, and the unfortunate retreat from Plattsburg of Sir George Prevost, in command of a splendid force of Peninsular veterans, after the defeat of Commodore Downie's fleet on Lake Champlain. Before the year closed and peace was proclaimed Fort Erie was evacuated, the Stars and Stripes were driven from Lake Ontario, and all Canadian territory was free from the invader except Amherstburg.

The capital of the United States had been captured by the British and its public buildings burned as a severe retaliation for the conduct of the invading forces at York, Niagara, Moraviantown, St. Davids and Port Dover. Both combatants were by this time heartily tired of the war, and terms of peace were arranged by the Treaty of Ghent at the close of 1814; but before this news reached the south, General Jackson repulsed General Pakenham with heavy losses at New Orleans, and won a reputation which made him President a few years later. The people of the United States generally welcomed the end of a war which had brought them neither honour nor profit, and seemed likely to break the Union into fragments in consequence of the hostility that had existed in New England from the very beginning of the conflict. The news of Prevost's retreat from Plattsburg, and of Downie's defeat

which gave control of Lake Champlain to the United States, no doubt hastened the decision of the British Government to enter into negotiations for peace, which was settled on terms by no means favourable to Canadian interests. The question of the New Brunswick boundary might have been then adjusted on conditions which would have prevented at a later day the sacrifice of a large tract of territory in Maine, which would be now of great value to the Dominion.

At the close of the war the British troops were in possession of the whole seaboard between the Penobscot and

the St. Croix, and the United States had only a nominal hold of an insignificant post on the Canadian side of the Detroit. An impartial historian of the United States, Mr. Henry Adams, shows that the Duke of Wellington, who had no ambition to go to Canada, as was contemplated before the cession of hostilities, largely influenced the terms of peace and the abandonment of a claim for territory on the part of England. The questions for which the



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK.

From a Painting by J. W. L. Forster, painted from a portrait in oil owned by the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson and a photograph, both taken from the original miniature in the possession of Mrs. Tupper, Island of Guernsey.

United States professedly went to war were not adjusted by the Treaty of Ghent, and the only positive advantage which accrued to the Canadians was a later settlement of the fishery dispute, which gave the people of the provinces that control of their fisheries which had been ignorantly sacrificed by the treaty of 1783.

No class of the people of Canada contributed more to the effectiveness of the militia and success of the war

than the descendants of the Loyalists, who formed so large and influential a portion of the English population of British North America. All the loyal settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the Niagara frontier, and on the shores of Lake Erie, sent many men to fight by the side of the regular British forces. Even aged men who had borne arms in the revolutionary war came forward with an enthusiasm which showed that age had not impaired their courage and patriotism, and although they were exempted from active service, they were found most useful in stationary duties at a time when Canada demanded the experience of such veterans. "Their lessons and example," wrote General Sheaffe, "will have a happy influence on the youth of the militia ranks." When Hull invaded the province and issued his boastful and threatening proclamation, he used language which must have seemed a mockery to the children of the Loyalists. They remembered too well the sufferings of their fathers and brothers during "the stormy period of the revolution," and it seemed derisive to tell them now that they were to be "emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of free men." The answer made by Brock touched the loyal hearts of the people, whose family histories were full of examples of "oppression and tyranny," and of the kind consideration and justice of England in their new homes. "Where," asked Brock, with the confidence of truth, "is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the Government in his person, his property or his liberty? Where is to be found, in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth as this colony exhibits? Settled not thirty years by a band of veterans exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty, not a descendant of these brave people is to be found who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to that

possessed by their ancestors." These people, to whom this special appeal was made at this national crisis, responded with a heartiness which showed that gratitude and affection lay deep in their hearts. Even the women worked in the fields that their husbands, brothers, and sons might drive the invaders from Canadian soil. The Prince Regent, at the close of the war, expressly thanked the Canadian Militia, who had "mainly contributed to the immediate preservation of the province and its future security." The Loyalists, who could not save the old colonies to England, did their full share in maintaining her supremacy in the country she still owned in the valley of the St. Lawrence and on the shores of the Atlantic. Among the men of this class were several notable in Canadian history. Sir Roger Hall Sheaffe, who was Commander-in-Chief and Lieutenant-Governor in Upper Canada on the death of General Brock, was a son of a British official in Boston. Many Canadians remember him chiefly in connection with the retreat of the British troops from York—the only course open to him under the circumstances—and full justice has not been shown him for having won the victory at Queenston, where the British forces were for the moment disheartened by the death of Brock and his brave aide, while attempting to carry the heights, then held by the invaders.

Colonel Alexander Macdonell, Speaker of the Assembly, had served in the loyal forces during the revolutionary war and taken part in the battle of Oriskany. He acted as assistant paymaster-general to the militia, and was taken prisoner at Niagara in 1813. He was sent by his captors to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and imprisoned, we are told by his biographer, "in the same place in which his father, who in early life had fought with Prince Charlie at Culloden, had previously been kept prisoner, in consequence of his stern loyalty to the British Crown during the revolutionary war of 1776-83."\*

\*See J. A. Macdonell's "Sketches of Glengarry in Canada," Pp. 16 and 17.

John Beverly Robinson, son of Christopher Robinson, of Virginia, who first settled in the Maritime Provinces, and an eminent Chief Justice of Upper Canada at a later day, served in the York Militia and fought at Detroit and Queenston Heights. James Buchanan Macaulay, also a Chief Justice of the same province, served in the Glengarry Fencibles and fought at Ogdensburg, Oswego, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. Christopher Hagerman, afterwards a judge, a man of remarkable intellectual gifts, served as provincial aide-de-camp to Sir Gordon Drummond, and was present at Lundy's Lane. Allan McNab, a Premier of Canada and Baronet in later days, first acted as a midshipman under Sir James Yeo, who directed naval operations on the lakes, and subsequently joined the army and assisted in the taking of Fort Niagara, and in the unfortunate march on Plattsburg. Laura Secord was the daughter of Charles Ingersoll, a Loyalist, and married to a man of that stock. Had she not courageously undertaken the dangerous duty of finding her way from Queenston to De Cew's stone house, near Beaver Dams, in the Niagara District, and warned Lieutenant Fitzgibbon that an attack was contemplated on his little force, Colonel Boerstler would never have been surprised and forced to surrender with nearly six hundred men and officers, besides several cannon. The distance between Queenston and the De Cew's cannot be more than twelve miles in a direct line, but Mrs. Secord was obliged to follow a circuitous route and proceed slowly and cautiously in a country where she might meet a foe at any moment, and where heavy rains had increased her difficulties while passing through the woods and crossing the swollen streams. It took her from dawn to dark on a June day to reach the British Station, where her sudden appearance was greeted with loud yells by the Indians encamped in the neighbourhood. A Canadian poetess,\* the descendant herself of a Loyalist, has told in fitting

verse the story of a loyal Canadian woman, who illustrated the spirit of her sex in those trying times :

"Fair dawns the light in opal skies,  
The radiant Canadian morn  
With ail its matchless, sparkling hues,  
And spruce scents on the fresh winds borne.  
The silver daisies multitude  
Upon her hurrying feet intrude,  
And all the bluebells sway and swing  
Their tiny bells in welcoming ;  
While from the elm tree's topmost spray,  
A robin pours his roundelay.

Turn from the highway, turn aside !  
The road's besieged, the foe is near,  
The signal call, the rifle's ring,  
The trampling of the steed is there.  
Turn to the wilderness aside,  
Let the great sun be trusty guide,  
Climb fallen tree, o'er green morass,  
Swift let the sinking footsteps pass.  
Glided a snake athwart the moss ?  
Howled a wild beast the mere across ?  
Whizzed there a bullet through the air ?  
Steadfast she goes to do and dare.

In this one woman's hand is held  
The fate of hundreds strong and true,  
Betrayed, outnumbered, shall they fall  
Unwarned, before the foe's crew ?  
And shall the glorious, honoured cross,  
Go down in strange dismay and loss,  
Banner for which our heroes died,  
For centuries our nation's pride,  
Go down in shamed defeat, a prey  
To the striped flag of yesterday ?

Glistens a river far awest,  
The bridge lies rifle guarded well,  
How deep the sullen water runs,  
How deep the bank—she cannot tell.  
Step in, brave feet. Not men alone  
With lives unwritten, names unknown,  
Can face grim death at duty's call,  
Can win a laurel for their pall,  
Can die unthanked, unpraised, unseen ;  
Women have learnt this art, I ween.

Knee high, waist high, the water came,  
It touched her shoulder, kissed her lip:  
Stand steady on the oozy slime,  
Heart must not fail, nor footsteps slip.  
The bank is gained with westerling sun,  
Haste, Laura, haste, 'tis almost won !  
With bleeding feet, lips parched and dry,  
She sees the pink-flushed sunset sky,  
And drags her weary steps, at last,  
Into the road, the peril past.

Sleep, Laura Secord, resting well  
Serenely pillowed 'neath the grass ;  
Tender and reverend be the steps  
That by thy green grave pause and pass,  
The while across the ages long,  
Oh faint, Oh far, sweeps down a song,

\*Miss Ellen Murray of St. John, N.B., a relative of Col. Murray mentioned in paper VI. of this series.





*R. H. Sheaffe*

SIR ROGER H. SHEAFFE.

Created a Baronet for his gallant conduct at Queenston Heights in October, 1812. He died in Edinburgh in 1851.

From graves of heroes of our race,  
From many an honoured resting-place ;  
'Numbered with us on glory's roll,'  
Be this Canadian dauntless soul."

The 104th Regiment, which accomplished a remarkable march of thirteen days in the depth of winter, from Fredericton to Quebec, and lost only one man by illness, was chiefly composed of descendants of the loyal founders of New Brunswick. Conspicuous among the brave men who fought at Ogdensburg in 1813 was Captain John Jenkins of the Glengarrys, who commenced his military career in the New Brunswick Fencibles, who were subsequently known as the notable regiment of the British line just mentioned. The men of the Lincoln Brigade — among whose officers were the Servoses, Merritt, Claus, Secord, and Law, — were nearly all Loyalists.\*

The heroes of the war were many. Canadians can never forget the name

\* Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," p. 16.

of Brock, whose decision of character in the moment of supreme necessity saved the country ; of John Macdonell, who died by his side on Queenston Heights ; of George Macdonell, who raised the Glengarry Fencibles and distinguished himself at Ogdensburg and Chateauguay ; of Salaberry, who illustrated the bravery of many generations of French Canadians since the days of Champlain ; of Harvey, afterwards a governor in the Maritime Provinces, whose success at Stoney Creek was a turning point at a critical moment of the war in the west ; of Fitzgibbon, who won well-merited fame by his exploit at Beaver Dams ; of Bisshopp, devoted and fearless, who died a soldier's death at Black Rock ; of Clark, who captured Fort Schlosser at the head of a detachment of the Lincoln Militia ; of Handcock, whose suc-



FROM THE CAROT CALENDAR.

SIR GORDON DRUMMOND.

cessful defence of Lacolle Mills against a vastly superior force entitles him to fame; of Henry Medcalf, who, at the head of men of the Norfolk and Middlesex Militia, did good service on the Thames; of Evans, who led the second battalion of the 8th King's Regiment from New Brunswick to Canada through the forest, and served in every engagement of the war; of Murray, who captured Fort Niagara in 1813, and otherwise distinguished himself; of Vincent, who showed high qualities as a commander under circumstances of great difficulty; of Drummond, who was hardly inferior to Brock as an able leader, and won a victory at Lundy's Lane when all the conditions were in favour of his foe. The historian could extend this list indefinitely if he should attempt to recall all the incidents of heroic effort and self-sacrifice that happened in this memorable struggle for the security of Canada. For instance, one Allwood had been severely wounded by a boarding pike which had pierced his left eye, and came out through his left ear, but he answered a call to arms though weak, almost unfit for active service. The annals of the noble county of Glengarry are full of the evidences of the patriotism and military ardour of the Macdonells, McDermids, Leslie, Camerons, Frasers, McPhersons, McMillans, Fergusons, McGilivrays, Macleods, McKenzies, Shaws, Campbells, McMartins, McKays, MacQueens, and others of "that ilk." The York Militia performed valiant service, and so did all the volunteers of the Niagara district. As Bishop

Plessis stimulated a patriotic sentiment among the people committed to his spiritual care, so Vicar-General Macdonell, of Glengarry, subsequently the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, performed good service by assisting in the formation of a Glengarry regiment, and otherwise taking an active part in the defence of the province, where his will be always an honoured name. Equally indefatigable in patriotic endeavour was the Reverend John Strachan, then Rector of York, and afterwards a famous bishop of the Anglican Church, who established "The Loyal and Patriotic

Society," which did incalculable good in relieving the necessities of women and children, when the men were serving in the battlefield, in providing clothing and food for the soldiery, and otherwise contributing towards the comfort and succour of all those who were taking part in the public defences. This energetic, resolute Scotchman had a poetic strain in his nature, and



LAURA SECORD.

The Heroine of the Beaver Dams.

paid the following tribute to Brock and Macdonell when their bodies were temporarily resting in a bastion of Fort George, before they were removed to the monument at Queenston Heights:

"Why calls this bastion forth the patriot's sigh,  
And starts the tear from beauty's eye?  
Within its breach intrepid Brock is laid  
A tomb according with the mighty dead,  
Whose soul devoted to its country's cause  
In deeds of valour sought her just applause.  
Enrolled with Abercromby, Wolfe and More  
No lapse of time his merits shall obscure.  
Fresh shall they keep in each Canadian's heart,  
And all their pure and living fires impart.  
A youthful friend rests by the hero's side,  
Their mutual love death sought not to divide.



COLONEL DE SALABERRY.

The muse that gives her Brock to deathless  
fame  
Shall in the wreath entwine Macdonell's  
name."

The annals of this war are full of incidents of self-sacrifice, physical endurance, patient suffering and heroic endeavour that could well be woven into a romance which should fully reproduce the spirit of those times when the Canadian provinces took the first steps on a career of national development. Many engagements and battles of the contest possessed features of dramatic interest, which have not yet been adequately described by any historian. Canadians might well wish for a Canadian Parkman, who would tell the story of those stirring times in such a spirited narrative as records the supreme struggle between France and England during the Seven Years' War; such a narrative as we all recall when we stand on the heights of Quebec, on the grassy mounds of Louisbourg, or by the ruins of Ticonderoga, whose history is allied with a most memorable epoch in England's imperial fortunes, when she was laying the foundations of a vast colonial domain, and making

herself dominant in the land of the Moguls.

Of the engagements of the war of 1812-14 there are two which, above all others, possess features on which the historian must always like to dwell. The battle which was fought against such tremendous odds on the banks of the Chateauguay, by less than a thousand French Canadians, led by Salaberry and Macdonell, recalls, in some respects, the defeat of Braddock near the Monongahela. The woods of the Chateauguay did not present such a scene of carnage as was witnessed at the battle of the Monongahela, but, nevertheless, they seemed to the panic-stricken invaders, who numbered many thousands, alive with an enemy whose strength was enormously exaggerated, as bugle sounds and Indian yells made a fearful din on every side. Believing themselves surrounded by forces far superior in numbers, the invaders became paralysed with fear, and fled in disorder from an enemy whom they could not see, and who might close upon them at any moment. In this way Canadian pluck and strategy won a famous victory which saved the province of



TECUMSEH.

Lower Canada at a most critical moment of the war.

If we leave the woods of Chateauguay, where a monument has been raised in recognition of this brilliant episode of the war, and come to the country above which rises the mist of the cataract of Niagara, we see a little acclivity over which passes that famous thoroughfare called "Lundy's Lane," where rises a stately shaft in commemoration of another famous victory—in many respects the most notable of the war—won by a gallant Englishman, whose name still clings to the pretty town close by.

This battle was fought on a mid-summer night, when less than three thousand British and Canadian troops fought six hours against a superior force, led by the ablest officers who had taken part in the war. For three hours, from six to nine o'clock at night, less than two thousand held the rising ground, which was the main object of attack from the beginning to the end of the conflict, and kept at bay the forces that were led against them with a stern determination to win the position. Sunlight gave way to the twilight of a July evening, and dense darkness at last covered the combatants, but still the fight went on. The



SIR JAMES LUCAS YEO.

Commander of the British Fleet on the Lakes.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

SIR ALLAN MACNAB.

At the Age of Seventy.

assailants once won the height, but only the next instant to find themselves repulsed by the resolute daring of the British. Happily, at the most critical moment, when the defenders of the hill were almost exhausted by the heroic struggle, reinforcements arrived, and the battle was renewed with a supreme effort on both sides for three hours longer, from nine o'clock to midnight. The battle was now fought in the darkness, only relieved by the unceasing flashes from the muskets, whose sharp reports mingled with the deep and monotonous roar of the great falls. It was a scene worthy of a painter whose imagination could grasp all the incidents of a situation essentially dramatic in its nature. The assailants of the Canadian position gave way at last and withdrew their wearied and disheartened forces. It was in all respects a victory for England and Canada, since the United States army did not attempt to renew the battle on the next day, but retired to Fort Erie, then in their possession. As Canadians look down "the corridors of Time," they will always see those flashes from

the musketry at Lundy's Lane, and hear the bugles which drove the invaders of their country from the woods of Chateauguay.

The war did much to solidify, as it were, the various racial elements of British North America during the formative stage. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotsmen from the Lowlands and Highlands, Irishmen and Americans, one and all, united to support British connection, and to lay the foundations of a Confederation which, six decades later, would extend the dominion of England from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The character of the people, especially in Upper Canada, was strengthened from a national point of view by the severe strain to which it was subject. Men and women alike were elevated above the conditions of a mere colonial life, and became ani-

mated by that spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotic endeavour which tend to make a people truly great. Canadians, like Englishmen, must always regret that the intrigues and passions of politicians should have forced the United States into a war with the country from which the majority of its people were sprung, and which was engaged in a deadly struggle with a selfish tyrant whose ambition threatened the liberties of the world. If we now recall the story of the past with its blood-stained pages, it is not with the desire to perpetuate animosities between peoples who should always live on terms of the most perfect amity, but simply with the object of proving to the world how deeply rooted is that sentiment of loyalty which has always bound the Canadian people to the British Empire.

*(To be Continued.)*

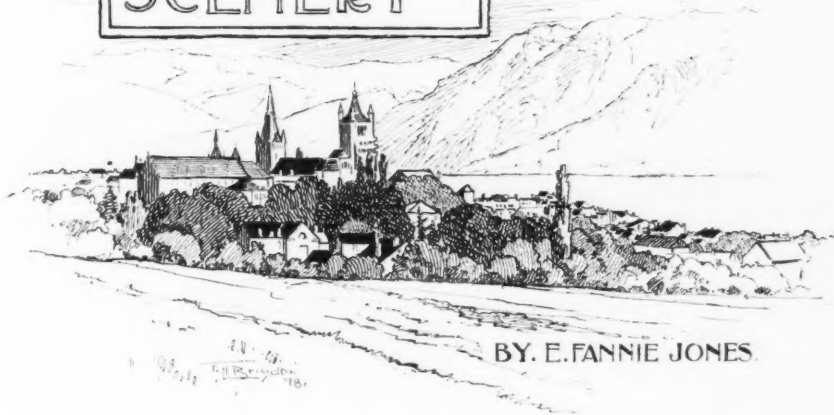


CANNON FROM COMMODORE PERRY'S FLEET.

This Old Relic is one of the Curiosities pointed out to Tourists who visit Fort Mackinac, Michigan.



## SWISS LIFE AND SCENERY



BY E. FANNIE JONES.

### I.—STREET SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

ONE morning in the month of May, 1897, the express from Paris to Lausanne drew up at Vallorbes, and we stepped out upon the platform to get our first glimpse of Switzerland. The sun had just risen, the air was clear and frosty, and the panorama of the Jura spread out before us was magnificent. The passengers walked to and fro to gaze at it from various points, and all agreed that the view of the mountains equalled their highest expectations.

Running down to Lausanne we passed an ever-varying scene of mingled grandeur and beauty—the spring flowers and verdure gradually increasing in richness and abundance, while from time to time we caught a glimpse of Mont Blanc rising in all his majesty in the distance. To one who did not yet know what prospects Switzerland had to offer, it seemed as though the view could not be surpassed, and that it was well worth coming all the way from Canada to behold. The journey was over all too soon, though I was glad to find myself at last in the famous and beautiful city of Lausanne.

Since that morning I have had all kinds of experiences. I have seen life in the towns, life in the mountains, life in the schools, and life in the streets;



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

PEASANT WITH A "HOTTE" ON HIS BACK.

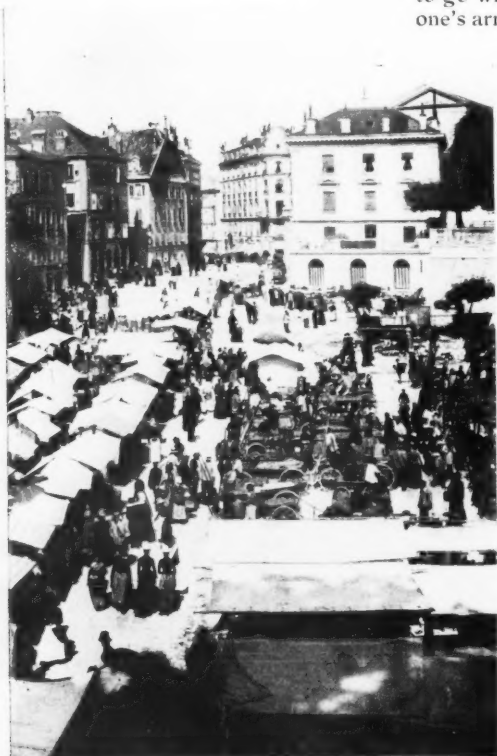
and it is of the last especially I would like to write, for much that I have seen appears to me to be both strange and interesting.

But let us return to the railway platform. What is to be done about the luggage is the first question. One has scarcely alighted from the train before he is surrounded by a number of jabbering men in blue blouses and red caps, on the latter of which is the sign "Commissionaire autorisé." To one of these worthy men one hands the neat, clean little piece of paper which takes the place of the heavy metal check used in Canada, knowing that in a short time this porter will arrive at the proper destination with all the baggage on his back. These men carry very heavy loads for great distances.

Now we will set off, and as you have come to the land of mountains to learn to climb, scorn the train and go on foot. It is to be hoped that your breathing apparatus is in good order, for the climb from the station to the Place St. Francois, the centre of the town, is pretty steep. And we had better walk like others in the middle of the road. In Canada, a slippery sidewalk is thought to be the only valid reason for this little eccentricity, and even in such a case it is only some old people and a very few lazy ones who will admit that the ice is too much for them. Here in Switzerland everyone despises the narrow stone pavement, and before one has been long in this city of rapidly mounting and descending streets, he will find it a great relief to go where there is some room to put one's arms akimbo so as to take breath,

or swing them to keep one's balance on a rapid down grade. The streets are mostly paved with stone, and there is no more filth and dirt on the roadway than on the narrow footpath, but as the streets of foreign towns cannot be commended for their cleanliness, perhaps the less said on that point the better.

As you glance around at your fellow foot-passengers and notice that they are mostly heavily laden, you will feel as though an empty-handed person like yourself should easily outstrip them. But no! Try it and you will see. Everything seems to be carried in a large basket or "hotte" on the backs of humans. And although "everything" is a big word, it is hardly an exaggeration, for all sorts of household supplies, all kinds of merchandise, and even enrichment for the soil, are transported in this way. The Swiss back seems to be peculiarly strong, and it is



PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUVRIER, LUSANNE.

LUSANNE—THE MARKET PLACE.

astounding what burdens it can bear. A baker will pack one hundred and eighty pounds of bread into a "hotte," which reaches from his neck to his knees, and will travel about with his gradually diminishing load for two or three hours. The streets are watered by men who carry on their backs large tin tanks, from which a tube conveys the water to a sprinkler which the man holds in his hand.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are market days in Lausanne, and it is then that one sees what a prominent rôle the "hotte" plays in the Swiss life. The commercial centre of the town is in a deep hollow, into which run curious, crooked streets from all directions. On market days most of these highways are closed to carriage traffic of every kind. They are lined on both sides with women who display in flat baskets, three feet long by two broad, every staple and delicacy of the season, from cabbages, which abound at all times, to the ideal wild mountain strawberries. Among other things displayed in the baskets of the market women are beets already boiled, and vegetables shredded fine and mixed ready for soup. Indeed, either in these streets or on the market square may be found anything the heart may desire—flowers, fruit, vegetables, dairy products of all kinds. We might also suggest, in passing, that if you are wanting cheese and do not know just where to look for it, follow your sense of smell, and it will guide you to a spot where cheese in all its varieties and conditions will be found. You will be thankful if you are served quickly. In the square can be purchased also dry goods of a certain grade, books old and new, tinware, baskets and household furniture. You will be interested in



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARVIN, GENEVA.

LUSANNE—PLACE DE LA PALUD.

seeing the teams, in which are coupled a horse and an ox which have brought in the supplies from the country. These two animals seem to work well together, and to a person coming from a country where oxen are not in general use for such labour, the patient, quiet steadiness of these beasts appeals wonderfully.

Everyone goes to market, and every housekeeper takes with her a small son with a "hotte" in which to carry home the vegetables. Should she not have the good fortune to possess a small boy of her own, she can easily hire one to carry her "hotte," so that there is every facility for following the fashion. And speaking of small boys suggests two very economical hints as to a boy's wardrobe. Here almost every boy—I am not speaking of the children of the



FROM A PHOTOTYPE. LAUSANNE—ANOTHER VIEW OF PLACE DE LA PALUD.

wealthy, but of children of the middle and poorer classes—wears over his suit a blouse or pinafore made of good stout galatea, high-necked and long-sleeved, and reaching to the bottom of his trousers. This is the usual costume for a boy from twelve years downwards, and a very sensible one, too, from a mother's point of view. Then, all boys wear socks. We have seen fellows of five feet eight with an interval of bare leg between the short trousers and the sock. What an amount of knitting and darning this custom saves! There is also another very sensible custom in the matter of dress. The men wear a cape instead of an extra coat, and it must be a great comfort. A Canadian friend, who was with us for a while and tried the Swiss overcoat or overcape, was charmed with it.

But we must pass on. It is possible that you would like a little refreshment before climbing the next hill. Where shall we go? Ah, that is the question. There is nothing quite corresponding to a Canadian lunch room; I have searched in vain for it in any Swiss town that I have visited. There are cafés for men, but of them I am not in a position to speak; and there are confectioners where you can get a cup of

tea and a roll served either in the shop or out on the sidewalk, whichever you like, and when you have once got over the first shock of eating in the public streets you will prefer doing that to suffocating in a badly ventilated room. There are a few places where the sign in English, "Afternoon Tea," guarantees pure air, specially arranged, no doubt, for the inveterate British lovers of open windows. But it is impossible to find a lunch room where a plate of delicately fried fish or a puffy omelet might restore one's temper after a tiring morning's shopping. Never mind, you can step into a baker's and have a "flute," which consists of half a yard of light, delicious bread about as large round as two fingers. This is something Canadians have yet to learn how to make.

One of the most pleasing features of the Swiss streets are the children. All are pretty, even the poorest wee ragamuffin. They have such good features, clear complexions and clean skins, and altogether refined appearance, and they are, as a rule, clean and tidy. But most of the boys seem to die young, for it is the rarest thing to see what we would consider a handsome and well-kept man. Even the young men are wanting in that spruce-

ness and—dare we say it?—cleanliness in dress which mark a gentleman. I attended a large public meeting of representative men, and among some two hundred not one could be found whose personal appearance at all approached the ideal. If one does happen to see a man who is carefully dressed, one may know at once that he is a Frenchman or an Englishman. The students, as a class, are much in evidence on the streets from the fact that the members of the various societies are known by their bright blue, green, red, white or yellow caps, and by bands of their particular colours running diagonally across their vests from the shoulder. The cap is either peaked or in the form of a Tam o'Shanter. This particular style of badge is not much to be admired. A man who is not a member of any society is called a "chameau," a name which carries with it the utmost shame and disgrace.

Although the students in ordinary street dress do not kindle admiration, yet one has only to see them in evening costume in order to grow enthusiastic as to their appearance. After having attended several entertainments given by different societies of students, I was especially charmed with one given by the Zophingue, the patriotic society of the Swiss Universities. A branch of this particular society is found in almost every town from which men have gone to universities. The soiree above referred to was given in the theatre at Lausanne, and consisted of music, a comedy, and an opera, all carried out in excellent style. The grouping of the students for the choruses was most effective, and I could not help wishing that our university men also had some distinctive

evening dress. The colours of the Zophingue are red and white. Their caps or Tam-o'Shanters are white, with red and white bands; the shoulder ribbons are red and white. The knee-breeches and high top-boots, the white gauntlets reaching to the elbow, and the close fitting black coats with trimmings of braid, give a most dressy and stylish appearance to even ordinary-looking men.

The new members are the bearers of the horns which are used as drinking cups in the gatherings of the students. In processions, and at concerts, the mouths of these horns are filled with flowers, usually red and white. The effect on the stage of some fifty of these men, with their gay flag as a centre-piece, is charming. It would be quite



LAUSANNE—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.



worth while for the men of Canadian universities to adopt a costume for such events as the Glee Club concerts, Conversaziones, and the like. The introduction of bright colours is a wonderful relief to the eye, and lends to these evenings given by students a gaiety and brightness which has its influence on the audience.

It is interesting to learn that this society of Zophingue had its origin in the year 1819, in a small Swiss town called Zophingue, from which circumstance it takes its name. In this town is held each year, at the end of July, the grand rally of the members to elect committees and to make one another's acquaintance. The motto of the society is "Patrie, Amicitie, Science." There are four other societies, besides many other smaller ones organized by different groups of students from other countries.

And now a word or two about fountains, for they play an important part in Swiss life. In many of the towns they are almost the only source of water supply, and thus become the meeting place for men and beasts. I was once entertained for several hours by the comings and goings in the square at Brigue. From a large stone pillar in the centre of the square, four jets of water fell into a huge trough. The running water was for man, and that in the basin for their four-footed

friends, and the birds. Men, women and children came with all kinds of vessels in their hands or on their backs. There were meetings of all sorts, indifferent, friendly, quarrelsome; lovers evidently made the fountain a trysting-place, and we were witnesses of several very long-drawn-out conversations. There were opportunities for the strong man to help the little child who could not reach up to the spout, or the feeble old woman who could not shoulder her burden. The small boy found an

amusement in squirting at the new-comers—in fact, the history of life went on around this fountain. Then a coach would come rolling into the square, and as soon as the horses were set at liberty they went to quench their thirst. Then the sound of bells would herald the approach of cows or goats. At times there were most striking groupings of

the villagers and the fashionable tourists arriving after a drive over the great Simplon Route.

At the fountains the women do all their household washing, and even on a cold winter day in the midst of snow they may be seen scrubbing and rinsing with great zeal. At Geneva there are public washing-houses along the river for this branch of domestic economy, and this is one of the things which to the traveller give the place a foreign stamp.



GROUP OF STUDENTS BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF ZOPHINGUE, THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETY OF THE SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

The Students are in Evening Dress.

The shops may be briefly referred to. The large departmental store is unknown, and indeed the shopkeepers are so very particular to deal only in certain articles, their own particular line, that it is sometimes provoking. For instance, one may have to buy a dress in one shop and the binding for it in another. I had an amusing experience recently in connection with this matter of not knowing just where to find things. A Canadian friend was very anxious to take back with him a Swiss flag, so we went out one afternoon to buy it. There was a miserable selection in one or two stores, and we were finally advised to get a flag made at a drygoods shop. This we did, but we heard afterwards that the place to go in order to have a choice of flags was the barber's. That idea had not occurred to us. In connection with this flag there was another little incident. As no doubt our readers know, the Swiss flag is red with a white cross in the centre. Imagine our dismay on finding when our flag came home that the white material had been joined in two of the arms in most ugly seams.

We took it back to the shop and made our complaint. The spirit of Swiss economy appealed to us in the most plaintive tone: "Don't you think it would be a pity to take a piece of cloth of the wider width, for there would be a piece left over?" But our consciences were untouched, and we recklessly said that was nothing to us, for we wanted a perfect flag.

But while one may smile at this illustration of an excessive and almost sordid economy, we must not forget that it is typical in its nature. Industry, self-denial and economy sedulously cultivated from generation to generation have become engrained in the Swiss nature and have built up a strong national character. To these simple hereditary virtues may be attributed in a large degree the stability and independence of this sturdy little republic amid the various convulsions of surrounding nations, and their success in deriving a wholesome if not luxurious subsistence from an unpromising soil and amid the rugged hills by which they are surrounded.

*(To be Completed in Three Parts.)*



#### THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

THE hunchback drew his bow across  
 His violin; and tenderly  
 The sweet notes rose, light as a bird,  
 From sadness into ecstasy.  
 Like tears to laughter, charged with love,  
 A weird but happy fantasy  
 He played—grief, sufferings forgot  
 In music's perfect sympathy.  
 From out the temple of his soul  
 He drew such wondrous harmony,  
 It turned the whole world into song  
 And wrapped his life in melody.

*A. Isabel Wonham.*

## MEETING COUSIN AGATHA.\*

"POM."

"Heartsease."

He had come back for another goodbye kiss and loomed above her impressively. She put up her fragile finger and caught his coat lapels.

"You won't make a mess of it, dear boy? You'll keep your whole mind on cousin Agatha? Keep saying 'Cousin Agatha—cousin Agatha—cousin Agatha,' over and over, so you won't forget you're going to meet her."

"Cousin Agatha—cousin Agatha—"

"O, no, you needn't begin now! O, Tom, it makes me have the cold shivers—if I could only go instead of you!"

The face of Heartsease against the pillow was wistful and distinctly anxious. Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee regarded it with whimsical tenderness.

"Don't worry, little woman," he cried cheerfully. "I'm on my good behaviour this time. You shall see how I'll distinguish myself. Hoper-may-die if I don't."

"Well, I'll trust you, Tom. Now, let me review you once more. She's little like me—"

"Little like me," murmured the big man meekly.

"And doesn't wear glasses—most everybody does, you know—and has light hair, and smiles. When we went to school together she always smiled; I should know her just by that. Now, say your lesson after me."

He repeated it gravely.

"There, now you may go, dear boy. If he only doesn't get things mixed," she thought, following the big, square figure across the room with loving eyes. "If he only does it right! Pom, Pom!"

"At your service, 'm."

"No, don't come back. Are you certain sure you read the letter all through?"

"Hoper-may-die if I didn't, little woman!"

"O, dear," still worried Heartsease softly, "if I'd only read it! Why did I have that nervous headache just when it came? And then why did Pom lose it? O, dear!"

Meanwhile Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee was swinging down street with painful alertness in every motion of his big figure. He was keeping his mind on cousin Agatha. Wild horses themselves should not drag it away.

The city clock clanged loudly, insistently in his ears and reminded him of the flight of time. He hailed a passing car and settled himself comfortably on one of its cushioned seats. Might as well ride and reserve all his strength for cousin Agatha.

There was a trifling hitch in his complacent self-resignation when the conductor came around for fares. Where in the world was that change? Confound it, a man had as many pockets as a centipede had feet! Ah, there it was, and something else, too—cousin Agatha's lost letter.

"I'll review it a bit, now it's turned up again so handy," thought the Professor, smoothing out the crushed, sweet-scented sheet on his knee.

"My dear cousin—m-m-m-m-m-m and reach you at about three forty-five in the afternoon (that's all right side up)—m-m-m what!"

The Professor straightened himself, aghast with horror. He had never seen that part before—heavens, no! He didn't read that to Heartsease. Now, why by all that was mighty must a woman tack on a postscript to everything she wrote! And this postscript—

The poor man groaned aloud in his extremity, and the meek little man beside him was moved with pity.

"Are you in pain, sir?" he inquired softly in his ear.

"Pain? pain? I'm in the last extremities. I'm nearly gone."

And he was obliged, out of sheer

\* Published in Canada by special arrangement.

gratitude for the little man's compassion, to accept one of the tiny white lozenges he proffered with nervous agility.

"P.S.—I shall bring baby with me. Of course I could not leave him, and, besides, I know he will amuse you. He is so cunning!"

She was going to bring the baby with her! Cousin Agatha was going to bring the baby! And Heartsease hadn't known it, to tell him what to do!

He half rose to his feet with a wild idea of going back to little Heartsease for directions. Then he sank back on his seat again, for the city clock was clanging half-past three. Too late!

"You have had bad news, sir?" crooned the little meek man's kind voice again.

"Yes, O, yes, certainly, confounded bad news! Cousin Agatha's going to bring—that is—er—I will bid you good day, sir. I—will get out here."

No need of imposing cousin Agatha's baby on everybody else, but, confound it, the little meek man didn't look as if a baby would throw him into a panic. He probably had plenty of them at home. And they hadn't known—Heartsease and he hadn't—that there was any baby in cousin Agatha's quarter of the world. But of course they might have imagined it—well, there was nothing for it now but to accept the inevitable—and the baby.

The 3.45 express was just steaming into the great station with grunts of disapproval at being pulled up. Crowds of out-goers were eddying toward the long chain of cars, to be presently met and jostled by the incoming throng. Cabmen were shouting with hoarse persistence, and baggage was being methodically maltreated. Confusion was rampant.

Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, with great presence of mind, waited near the entrance of the ladies' room for cousin Agatha and the baby. They would have to go in through that door and out through the opposite one—they could not escape him! He felt a wild impulse to accost all the women as they approached with: "Are you

cousin Agatha?—or you?—or you?"

Fortune favoured him, for in all the steady stream of travel-stained, weary women filtering through the door past him, there were only two babies, and one of those was a little shiny affair in ebony. The other one was, of course, cousin Agatha's baby.

"Here goes!" muttered Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, setting his teeth and brushing past the babyless women with a stifled groan, and fortifying himself with the memory of little Heartsease.

The white baby's mother was "little"—he docked off the items on his fingers mentally—"didn't wear glasses" (or did cousin Agatha wear 'em?)—and "smiled." To be sure, it was a very faint, tired smile that, it was evident enough, was entirely for the baby's benefit. But a smile's a smile, and this one served to identify cousin Agatha.

The little woman sank down on a seat near the door, and proceeded to re-arrange the baby, whose soiled little clothes were in a tumble.

The Professor, waiting to reinforce his courage, heard her crooning to it in the fashion mothers have—"There, there, it shall be all smoothy-smooth again, yes it shall! Mother will drive away all the ugly wrinkles—so."

The baby crowed appreciatively. The little pink, creased face swayed, and wriggled into its bonnet.

"Let me take the baby," the professor said, plunging in without foolish waste of ceremony. There's just time to catch the 4 o'clock car up."

The weary little mother looked up at the towering bulk of the big, strange man, with a gasp of meek astonishment. He was clutching at the baby—he had him in his arms! Land of mercy! But his eyes were honest and kind.

"Are you Tom?" she stammered, eagerly, searching the resolute, martyr-like face for possible points of resemblance to her idea of "Cordelia's husband." "She said he'd meet us at the depot."

"Certainly, certainly," assented the

big man briskly, thinking cousin Agatha a little familiar with pet names. No one but Heartsease called him Pom—he did not notice the changed consonant. But what did it matter? It was the baby that mattered, and the baby was adjusting himself to the broad shoulder and crowing like a young bantam. His grimy little fists were pommeling the Professor's cheekbones with impartial thumps—the baby was quite at home!

"Here she goes! Your bag, ma'am—that's right. I can take it in my other hand. Now, then, we'll have to step a bit lively."

And they were presently crossing the great room and making excellent headway toward the 4 o'clock car up. Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee was conscious of feeling a modest degree of pride at his own handiness, with the crumpled, squirming little budget on his arm—it was easy enough, if you shut your eyes and plunged in. How proud Heartsease would be! In his mind's eye he saw her pale little face lighting up approvingly, and in his mind's ear Heartsease was saying: "Splendid, Pom! You're doing it like a hero!"

Poor little Heartsease, in his mind's eye he could not see the wistfulness in her face that crept in always at the sight of little children—and in the "dear boy's" arms!

Cousin Agatha's baby plunged wildly and was caught with a neat trick that presented itself for the emergency out of the mists of old baseball days. The danger was over for that time. But did all babies have the St. Vitus' dance, or was it an affliction monopolized by cousin Agatha's baby? How often did the fits come on? Would there be time to get to the car before the next one?

A group of the Professor's students looked up in undisguised amazement as the little procession swept by them, and one of them collapsed weakly into the arms of the others.

"Hold me! Save me!" he gasped. "The old chap's picked up somebody's kid in an absent-minded fit and is making off with it!"

Half way down the long station the baby's mother made a discovery that filled her with dismay. "Land of mercy, I've left my little handbag!" she cried, but in the din the professor did not hear. "I must have left it right where I was sitting—I'll hurry back—it's got the baby's best bonnet in it. I won't be gone more'n a minute!" And the crowd swallowed up her rusty little figure. On the corner, outside of the station, the car was starting and the Professor and cousin Agatha's baby hailed it wildly.

"Hurry up!" shouted the conductor, crossly, his fingers twitching on the rope.

The Professor stood aside for cousin Agatha to enter, and then followed the stout, unwieldy female down the aisle, unsuspecting and serene. So far, everything was going on finely—the saints send a prosperous ending to the enterprise! He settled himself and readjusted the baby with an air of off-hand ease that tallied oddly with his perspiring, anxious face. He got out his watch and jackknife for playthings, opening the knife absently and extending it, handle foremost, with a slight, courteous inclination toward the small, grasping fists. Fortunately, it dropped to the floor and cousin Agatha's baby's life was saved.

The car jolted on block after block, making stops and jerking into motion again. It was well "up" before Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee suddenly realized that it was incumbent on him to converse a little with cousin Agatha. Certainly, certainly—what had he been thinking of? The baby had fallen asleep and the immediate danger of another fit was over—he might look away safely for a moment.

"Er—it's very pleasant weather," he ventured cheerfully.

"It's raining," snapped the stout lady beside him, tilting her nose in palpable scorn.

By all that was mighty—she wasn't cousin Agatha! Where was cousin Agatha? He searched the car with eager eyes—he even looked out on the platforms. Nobody was cousin Aga-



tha. And cousin Agatha's baby purred in gentle slumber on his arm! He had left cousin Agatha's baby's mother behind—shades of mighty Cæsar! A wild desire to raise the window and drop the baby out seized him—another wild idea of rushing back to the station surged with kindred impulses through his brain. A cold perspiration broke out all over him.

Wait—he must reflect. He must be cool. What would Heartsease advise, the poor little woman, the poor little woman! Would she ever trust him again?

"Well, I am in for it," groaned his thoughts. "I've got to see it through—the baby, anyhow." The little flushed, sleeping face appealed to him, and not in vain. "I'll get him landed and then I'll set the town crier on cousin Agatha. We'll find her between and betwixt us. When she's landed I'll sail for Europe! I'll get 'em to send me on a scientific expedition to Africa—the north pole—anywhere."

A little later he "landed" cousin Agatha's baby. Striding through the hall toward Heartsease's room he heard voices—the little woman's low and sweet, and also brisk, clear-cut, unknown tones, and a little gurgling voice keyed to high notes.

"Hush, baby, hush," the clear-cut voice said chidingly.

Heartsease had company!—was there no let-up to a man's misery anywhere?

But the door opened and the little woman came slowly, painfully toward him.

"O, Pom!" and her voice had reproachful echoes in it. Wait till she knew the worst!

In the dusk of the little hall the baby escaped instant notice.

"O, Pom, she's come—she took a carriage and just got here a minute or two ago."

"Who's come? Not cousin Agatha? Tell me quick!"

"Yes, of course—cousin Agatha. Did you forget she was coming to see us?"

The gentle, reproachful voice tried hard to be stern and cutting, but he

did not heed it in the least. He was pushing by her, holding out a limp bundle at arm's length.

"The saints be thanked!" he was ejaculating heartily. "Let me pass, little woman. I've got her baby—it's all safe."

"You've got what?"

"Cousin Agatha's baby—here it is. No, you can't lift it. I'll carry it in. I've got to face it out."

"Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, you stand stock still where you are. Don't move. Now tell me everything—whisper it."

She hovered weakly between him and the door. The shrill little voice within kept on insistently and helped them out. The Professor deposited the drowsy baby carefully on the floor and laid his watch on the top of it with propitiatory intent. Then he faced the little woman boldly.

"I didn't mean to run away with it. I thought she was there, too—hoper-may-die if I didn't think so, little woman! But the little chap is safe enough. I took care of him. Now, let me present arms and get it over with it. I'd rather face the cannon's mouth."

"But Pom—O, Pomeroy Pettingill Lee—but she's got it now, this minute. Of course, she's got it!"

"Got what?" thundered the professor, regardless of caution.

"The baby. Cousin Agatha's got the baby. O, where did you get this one? What have you done?"

She was down on the floor beside the soiled, tumbled baby, peering into its little puckered face and fingering the tiny moist hands. It was a baby, anyhow, however it got there.

Cousin Agatha got the baby?—this isn't cousin Agatha's baby? mumbled the Professor stupidly. "Then," reviving suddenly, "her's was the black one. There wasn't any other white baby but this. I guess I can count two! She had this one when I spoke to her—"

"O Pom, wait—do wait! You've got it all mixed up. You didn't speak to her—you spoke to somebody else. Cousin Agatha waited and waited for

you and then she took the hack up. Now, wait, let me think——"

Heartease rocked herself back and forth in a wild attempt to unwind the tangle. Suddenly she stopped and gazed up at the looming figure sternly.

"Which way did it come, Pom—the train? Did it come from the west?"

"I—it came from the east," stammered the professor, getting a mental view of the puffing train in focus. His hair rose in anguish—he hadn't thought of that before.

"And cousin Agatha's train came from the west," the voice of Heartease was saying in his ears, like the voice of Fate.

For a minute they gazed into each other's faces in horrified silence. Then they laughed. Cousin Agatha's baby, on the other side of the partition, laughed too.

The Professor came to himself first, and picked up the disregarded baby stolidly, arranging the little clothes with a certain proprietary concern.

"I'll carry this one back," he said, solemnly. "I'll find cousin Agatha—his mother, or something will break!"

"I should think so!" cried Heartease. "His mother's heart will break."

He tramped down the hallway with a resolute tread that inspired poor little Heartease with a minimum of courage.

"Good-bye, Pom," she quavered after him, "and don't give him to the wrong mother again!"

"Hoper-may-die," came back faintly to her from the front door as it closed upon Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee and the wrong baby.

Outside in the cool air the baby woke up and wailed in distinct rebellion to existing circumstances.

"There—the-re!" crooned the Professor wildly, tossing the little bundle of clothes up and down till the baby in very astonishment stopped crying and eyed him out of round blue eyes. Instinctively he seemed to appreciate the Professor's distress of mind, and gurgled sympathetic little remarks intend-

ed for comfort. He did not cry again at all.

To take a car and go back to the station was the Professor's first thought. He had a dim idea that the baby's proper owner might be there waiting for him to bring it back. Anyway, he would go there—it was something to do. He hailed a car, and established himself and the astonished baby in it.

In a corner opposite sat a little woman in evident distress of mind. She was agitated and uneasy, and seemed to be searching for something, fumbling about her anxiously. The Professor's gaze lighted upon her, and his heart gave an exultant leap. It was cousin Agatha looking for the baby. The baby's mother was still "cousin Agatha" to the Professor's dazed, uncertain mind.

"She's little and anxious, and she's looking for something—by all that's mighty I've run against her the first thing!" he thought in inexpressible relief. He staggered across to the little woman's corner and dropped the baby into her lap.

"Here it is, ma'am," he said eagerly. "I was just going to find—"

The little woman recoiled in evident amazement and displeasure.

"Land!" she cried. "Take it away, quick!" holding out the wondering baby to him.

"I—ah—that is, I thought you had lost something," murmured the diminished Professor, tucking the wriggling infant meekly under his arm again.

"Well, I have, but 'tain't a baby—land!" cried the little woman sharply. "I've lost my best pocket-handkerchief; it was the one Ann Sophy gave me Christmas."

The other passengers were smiling broadly among themselves. The little woman edged further into her corner, and regarded the poor professor distrustfully. She seemed to be expecting another attack at any moment, and only breathed freely when he and his unwelcome little charge got off the car.

"The plot thickens," muttered Prof.

Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, despairingly. "I reckon we're in for it, little chap."

He hovered weakly about the waiting-room for a while and then went to the ticket agent.

"Isn't there a place here where you leave—ah—things that have been lost, until—" he began.

"Certainly, certainly, sir! We have a room where any lost articles are kept until called for by the owner. If you will pass it to me—"

The professor applied the rumpled baby to the small square opening.

"I guess it'll squeeze through; it's limp," he said, cheerfully.

"Mighty Caesar, man, it's a baby! We don't keep that kind of property! Er—take it back at once, sir. I—it's going to cry—sharp or you'll drop it!"

Drop it? O, no, there was no danger. There wasn't any place on the top of the earth to drop it into. He shouldered it again with a muffled groan, and turned away. The tiny head nestled against his cheek in drowsy content. A little thrill of wakening tenderness set the Professor's heart-strings to vibrating gently.

"Poor little chap!" he found himself thinking.

The next plan was to parade the streets, in the desperate hope of running upon the right mother among all the mothers. "She ought to come toward it like a needle to a magnet," reasoned Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, wisely. "By all that's mighty, I'll give her a fair chance!"

But the mothers who met them and passed them and jostled them were all the wrong mothers. Once he spied a little woman, in earnest conversation with a taller one. They were in evident consultation.

"What would you do? I'm at my wits' end. I've tried everything," the small woman was saying, rather excitedly. Her clear-cut, distinct tones reached the professor's ear intact.

"I'd advertise," the tall woman said, promptly. "That's the way I found mine."

By all that was might, the Professor hurried up to them eagerly. In his one

glimpse of the little woman's face he was sure it was cousin Agatha. Besides, wasn't she just on the eve of advertising for the baby?

"There is no need of it, ma'am," he stuttered hastily; "I've got it right here. I've been looking for you ever since. I—ah—ran away with it accidentally. I assure you, ma'am—"

He was pressing the baby upon her, regardless of the fact that the small red face was in inverse ratio to mother nature's plans for it. The bewildered little woman stared helplessly down at the back of the baby's head.

"Why!" she gasped.

"Of all things!" cried the taller lady. Then they both laughed. The Professor's crestfallen, despairing face was too much for them.

"Give it back," he said with a groan. "I've hit on the wrong one again. I've been hunting all over everywhere to find its mother. I'm not certain now it ever had one. There isn't anything certain!"

"I'm sorry," the little woman cried heartily. Her sweet, pleasant voice cheered him unconsciously. "But, you see, it isn't my baby. Mine's at home in its cradle. I don't see what made you think—"

"You spoke of advertising, ma'am."

"O, yes; was that it? I was going to advertise for a cook!"

"But really," interposed the other lady curiously, "I wish you'd tell us how you came by the baby."

"I ran away with it," the Professor said gloomily, "and with your permission I'll do so again now."

And once more he was continuing his hopeless hunt, shifting the sleeping baby from one tired arm to the other, and peering anxiously into all the little women's faces.

"If I found her I shouldn't dare to hand the little chap over to her," he mused. "It's mighty risky business!"

But help was at hand. It came from the quarter least expected. The Professor met two of his college boys, and in the frenzy of despair stopped them.

"Boys," he said, "if you had

somebody else's baby and didn't want it, what would you do with it?"

"Drop it," said one of the boys promptly. The other one's face was suddenly enlightened.

"O, I say, Professor, you come along with me. I know where she is," he cried, and his voice was music in Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee's ears.

"I was down at the station, you know. I saw her when she got back, and you weren't there. Hi! didn't she rave, though! Then somebody came along that she called 'Tom.' I heard them say they were going to the station to set the police on you."

The boy laughed. He was hurrying the Professor along.

"Here, let me take the little kid. You look all used up. We'll find her all right, professor—don't you worry. Here's the station—and, here you are,

Professor! Here's the kid's mother herself!"

This time the baby and the right mother came together with perfectly satisfactory results.

Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee never remembered what explanations he made or how he got home. His memory leaped a gap there, and began again at the front door, where pale, anxious little Heartsease met him.

"O, Pom!" Her voice and the upward inflection asked everything. His voice answered her:

"Yes, Heartsease."

She laughed aloud with relief.

"Then come right in, dear boy, and see cousin Agatha's baby."

He stopped at the threshold. "Never!" he cried grimly. "I've seen all—of cousin Agatha's baby I want to."

*Annie Hamilton Donnell.*



#### RECOGNITION.

A POET worked in a farmer's field,  
And the crop was only a ploughman's yield;  
Nor plow nor horses nor furrow guessed  
The soul that the workingman possessed.

A poet toiled in the crowded mart,  
And the merchants saw not his secret heart;  
And though he toiled with a zeal intense  
Cold Commerce failed of a recompense.

A poet had never penned a line,  
Yet his soul was filled with a love divine;  
And over his grave in the tears they shed,  
The songs of a broken heart were read.

*Frank Lawson.*

## HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

*Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS : Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are being related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

### XI.—THE TENTH CUSTOMER AND THE PERSIAN RING.

ONE of the last customers of any note who came to the Lambeth pawnshop was a slender, wiry man with an Oriental face, not unlike that of Hagar herself. His countenance was oval, his nose aquiline in shape, and he possessed two dark sparkling eyes ; also a long black beard, well trimmed and well kept. In fact, this beard was the neatest thing about him, as his dress—a European garb—was miserably poor, and the purple-hued cloth which he had twisted round his head for a turban was worn and soiled. He was, nevertheless, a striking figure when he presented himself before Hagar ; and she inspected him with particular interest. There was a gypsy look about the tenth customer which seemed to stamp him as one of the gentle Romany. Even keen-eyed Hagar was deceived.

"Are you of our people?" she asked abruptly, after looking at him for a moment or so.

"I no understand," replied the man, in very good English, but with a foreign accent. "What people you speak of?"

"The Romany—the gipsy tribes."

"No, lady; I no of dem. I know what they are—oh, yes, they are in my own country as in dis."

"Then where is your country?" demanded Hagar, vexed at her mistake.

"Iran ; what you call Persia," re-

plied the customer. My name, lady, is Alee ; I come from Ispahan dese two year. Oh, yes ; a long time I do stop in dis town."

"A Persian!" said Hagar, scrutinising his swarthy face and delicate features. "I don't think I ever saw a Persian before. You are very like the Romany ; not at all like a Gentile."

"Lady, I no Gentile, I no Christian ; I am follower ob de Prophet. May his name be blessed ! But dis not what I do come to speak," he added with some impatience. "You give money on ring, eh?"

"Let me see the ring first," said Hagar, diplomatically.

Alee, as he called himself, slipped the ring in question off one of his slender brown fingers, and handed it to her in silence. It was a band of dead gold, rather broad, and set in it was an oval turquoise of a cerulean azure, graven with Arabic letters in gold. The ring had the look of a talisman or amulet, as the queer hieroglyphics on the stone seemed the words of some charm, stamped thereon to avert evil. Hagar examined the ring carefully, as she had never seen one like it before.

"It is a queer stone," she said, after looking through a magnifying glass at the turquoise. "What do you want on it?"

"One pound," replied Alee, promptly ; "just for two—tree days. Eh, what ! you give me dat?"

"Oh, yes ; I think the ring is worth



five times as much. Here is the money; I'll make out the ticket in your name of Alee. How do you spell it?"

The Persian took the ticket from Hagar, and in very fair English letters wrote down his name and address. Then with a bow he turned to leave the shop; but before he reached the door she recalled him.

"I say, Alee, what do these gold marks on this stone mean?"

"Dey Arabic letters, lady. Dey a spell against de Jinns. 'In de name ob Allah de All-Merciful.' Dat what dem letters say."

"They say a good deal with a word or two," muttered Hagar. "Arabic must be something like shorthand. When do you want back the ring?" she asked aloud.

"In two—tree days," replied the Persian. "Say dis week. Yes, good night, lady; you keep dat ring all right. Yes. So."

Alee took himself out of the shop with another bow, and Hagar, after a further examination of the queer ring with its talismanic inscription, put it away on a tray with other jewels. She wondered very much if it had a story attached to it; and, having read the "Arabian Nights" of late, she compared it in her own mind to the ring of Aladdin. It looked like a jewel with a history, did that inscribed turquoise.

On the afternoon of the next day another Persian arrived. Hagar recognized him as such from his resemblance to Alee, indeed; but for the difference in expression the two men might have passed for twins. Alee had a soft look in his eyes, a melancholy twist to his mouth; while this countryman of his had a hawk-like and dangerous fierceness stamped on his lean face. He was dressed similarly to Alee, but wore a yellow turban instead of a purple one, and gave his name to Hagar as Mohommed; also, he produced the pawn-ticket, which he handed to the girl.

"Alee, my countryman, he send dis," said he in broken but very fair English; "he want de ring which he leave here."

"Why doesn't he come for it himself?" asked Hagar suspiciously.

"Alee ill; him very bad; he ask me to get de ring. But if you no gib me—why, I tell Alee; he come himself den."

"Oh, there is no necessity for him to do so," replied Hagar, getting the ring. "You would not have the ticket with you if everything was not square. Here is Alee's property. One pound and interest. Thank you, Mr. Mohommed. By the way, you are a friend of Alee?"

"Yis; I come to dis place when he come," replied Mohommed passively; "him very great frien' of me. Two year we in dis land."

"Both of you speak English very well."

"Thank you, yes; we learn our Ingles in Persia for long time; and when we here, we spike always—always. Goot-day; I do take dis to Alee."

"I say," called out Hagar, "has that ring a story?"

"What, dis? I no know. Him charm against de Jinn; but dat's all. Goot-day; I go queek to Alee. Goot-day."

He went away with the ring on his finger, leaving Hagar rather disappointed that the strange jewel with its golden letters had not some wild tale attached to it. However, the ring was gone, and she never expected to hear anything of it again, or of the two Persians. A week passed, and no Alee made his appearance; so Hagar concluded that everything was right, and that he had really sent Mohommed to redeem the ring. On the eighth day of its redemption she was undeceived, for Alee himself made his appearance in the shop. Hagar was surprised to see him.

The poor man looked ill, and his brown face was terribly lean and worn in its looks. An expression of anxiety lurked in his soft black eyes, and he could hardly command his voice as he asked her to give him the ring. The request was so unexpected that Hagar could only stare at him in silence. It was a moment or so before she could find words.

"The ring!" she said in tones of astonishment. "Why, you have it! Did not your friend Mohommed give it—"

"Mohommed!" cried Aleë, clenching his hands; and the next moment he had fallen insensible on the outer floor of the shop. The single mention of the name Mohommed in connection with the ring had stricken the poor Persian to the heart. His entrance, his behaviour, his fainting—all three were unexpected and inexplicable.

Recovering from her first surprise, Hagar ran to the assistance of the fallen man. He was soon revived by the application of cold water, and when he could rise, Hagar, like the Good Samaritan she was, conducted him into the back parlour, and made him lie down on the sofa. But more than ordinary weakness was the matter with the man; he was suffering from want of food, and told Hagar faintly that he had eaten nothing for two days. At once the girl set victuals before him, and warmed some soup to nourish him. Aleë ate sparingly but well; and although he refused to touch wine, as a follower of the Prophet, he soon became stronger and more cheerful. His gratitude to Hagar knew no bounds.

"You are as charitable as Fatima, the daughter ob our Lord Mohommed," said he gratefully, "and your good deed, it will be talked ob by de angel Gabriel on de Las' Day."

"How is it you are so poor?" asked Hagar, restive under this praise.

"Ah, lady, dat is one big, long story."

"Connected with the ring?"

"Yes, yes; dat ring would haf mate me reech," replied the Persian with a sigh; "but now dat weeked one vill git my moneys. Aha!" said Aleë furiously, "dat Mohommed is de son ob a burnt fazzer!"

"He is a scoundrel, certainly! How did he get the pawn-ticket?"

"He took it away when I ill."

"Why did he want the ring?"

Aleë reflected for a moment, and then he evidently made up his mind what course to pursue. "I weel tell

you, lady," he said, looking with thankful eyes at Hagar. "You haf been good to me. I weel tell you de story ob my life—ob de ring."

"I knew that ring had some story connected with it," said Hagar complacently. "Go on, Aleë; I am all attention."

The Persian obeyed forthwith; but, as his English was imperfect at times, it will be as well to set forth the story in the vernacular. Being still weak, it took Aleë some time to tell the whole tale; but Hagar heard him patiently to the end. His narrative was not without interest.

"I was born in Ispahan," said the Persian in his grave voice, "and I am a Mirza—what you call here a prince—in my own country. My father was an officer of the Shah's household, and very wealthy. When he died I, as his only son, inherited his wealth. I was young, rich, and not at all bad-looking, so I expected to lead a pleasant life. The Shah, who had protected my father, continued the sun of his favour to me; and I accompanied him to the Court at Teheran, where I speedily became high in his favour. But alas!" added Aleë in the flowery language of his country, "soon did I cover the face of pleasure with the veil of mourning, and ride the horse of folly into the country of sorrow." He paused, and then added with a sigh: "Her name was Ayesha."

"Ah!" said Hagar the cynic. "I was waiting to hear the name of the woman. She ruined you, I suppose?"

"She and another," sighed Aleë, stroking his beard. "I melted like wax in the flame of her beauty, and my heart turned to water at the glance of her eyes. She was Georgian, and fairer than the chief wife of Sulieman bin Daoud. But alas! alas! what saith Sa'adi: 'Wed a charmer and wed sorrow!'"

"Well," said Hagar, rather impatiently, "I know all about her looks. Go on with the story."

"On my head be it!" said Aleë. "I purchased this Georgian in Ispahan, and made her my third wife; but so

lovely and clever she was that I speedily raised her to the rank of the first. I adored her beauty, and marvelled at her wit. She sang like a bulbul, and danced like a Peri."

"She seems to have been a wonder, Alee! Go on."

"There was a man called Achmet, who hated me very much," continued Alee, his eyes lighting up fiercely at the mention of the name. "He saw that I was rich, and favoured by the King of Kings, so he set his wits to work to ruin me. Having heard of my beautiful wife Ayesha, he told the Shah of her loveliness, which was that of a houri in Paradise. Fired by the description, my Sovereign visited at my house, and I received him with due splendour. He saw all my treasures—among others, my wife."

"I thought you Turks never showed your wives to strangers?"

"We are Persians, not Turks," corrected Alee quietly, "and the Shah is no stranger in the houses of his subjects. Also, he has the right to pass the forbidden door to the Abode of Felicity."

"What is the Abode of Felicity?"

"The harem, lady. But to continue the story of my ruin."

"The Shah saw my beautiful Ayesha, and her burning glances were as arrows of delight in his heart. He returned to his palace with a desire to possess my treasure. Achmet, who had right of access to the person of the Shah, fanned this desire, and declared that I was unhappy with Ayesha."

"And were you?"

Alee sighed. "After the coming of the King of Kings I was," he confessed. "My wife wished to enter the royal harem, and warm herself in the glory of the royal sun. She was silent and melancholy, or cross and fierce. I did what I could to console her, but she refused to listen to me, treated me as dirt beneath her feet, and sometimes she even smote me on the mouth with her pearl-embroidered slipper. Tales of our constant quarrels were carried to the Shah by the perfidious Achmet, who declared that I ill-treated my beautiful

Georgian. At last Achmet told the King that I had wished I were rid of the woman, if only for the meanest jewel worn by his august self."

"Did you say that?"

"In a fit of rage one day I said something like it," said Alee darkly; "but I never intended my foolish speech to be taken seriously. However, these idle words were reported to the Shah, and he sent for me. 'Alee,' said he, 'it has been said that thou deemest the meanest thing worn by us of more value than your wife Ayesha. If that be so, take this ring, which we give thee freely, and surrender thy lightly-valued wife to dwell in the shadow of our throne. Thou hast my leave to go.' Lady, I bowed myself to the ground, I took the ring you know of, and I went."

"Did you not say that you wished to keep Ayesha?"

"No; the word of the Shah was law. Had I expressed such a wish I should have lost my head; as it was, I lost my wife. Returning home, I made known the Shah's desire, and urged her to fly with me, beyond his power. Desirous of entering the royal serail, however, she refused, and so I carried her off by force. I drugged her at night, placed her on a camel, and set out for the nearest seaport disguised as a merchant."

"Was your flight successful?"

"Alas! no," replied Alee in melancholy tones. "Achmet was on the watch, and had me followed. My wife was taken from me by force, but only too willingly on her part. For daring to disobey the royal command I suffered the bastinado on the soles of my feet until I fainted away."

"Poor Alee!"

"Mad with anger, I let the wrath of the heart overpower the judgment of the mind, and rashly joined in a conspiracy to overthrow the King of Kings. Again my evil genius Achmet thwarted and discovered me. I was forced to fly from Persia to save my life; and all my wealth was forfeited to the royal treasury. A goodly portion of it, however, was given to

Achmet for his having found out the conspiracy. After many adventures, which I need not relate here, I came to this land, where I have lived in poverty and misery for two years. My wife is queen in the serail of the Shah ; my enemy is the ruler of a province ; and I, lady, am the exile you see. All that I carried out of the Shah's kingdom was the ring which he gave me in exchange for my beautiful Ayesha."

He paused, and Hagar waited for him to continue the story. Finding that he still kept silent, she addressed him impatiently : "Is that all?"

"Yes—except that since I have been here it has been told to me that both Achmet and Ayesha wish to get me back to Persia, that they may kill me. The Georgian never forgave me for carrying her away, and only my death will glut her vengeance. As for Achmet, he is never free from dread while I live, and wishes me to die also. If they can manage it, those two will have me carried back to Persia, and there have me slain."

"They can't take you out of London against your will."

Alee shook his head. "Who knows?" said he. "There was the case of the Chinaman who was lured into the Embassy to be sent back to China. If the Government of England had not interfered he would have been a dead man by this time. I keep always away from the Persian Embassy."

"You are wise to do so," replied Hagar, who remembered the case. "But about the ring. Why did you pawn it, and why did Mohommed steal it by means of the pawn-ticket?"

"There was a friend of mine in Persia," explained Alee, "who saved for me, out of my property seized by the Shah, a box of jewels ; knowing that I was starving in this land, he sent the jewels to me in charge of a servant. I received a letter from him, in which he stated that the servant had been instructed to give up the jewels to me when I produced the ring. I foolishly told Mohommed about this, and one night he tried to thief the ring from

me, thinking that he would show it to my friend's servant and get my jewels. In fear lest he should obtain it, I pawned it with you for safety, until the servant should arrive."

"Is the servant here now?"

"He arrived last week," replied Alee mournfully, "and he is now waiting for me at Southampton. But, alas ! I speak foolishly. When I fell ill after pawning the ring Mohommed stole the ticket, and, as you know, he obtained the ring. I have no doubt that by this time he has shown it to the servant of my friend, and has obtained the jewels. Mohommed the accursed is rich, and I remain poor. Now, lady, you know why a darkness came over my spirit, and why I fell as one bereft of life. Surely, I am the sport of Fortune, and the most unlucky of men ! I am he of whom the poet spoke when he said :

Strive not, contend not ; thy future is woe ;  
Accept of thy sorrows, for Fortune's thy foe.

The poor man recited this couplet in faltering tones, and burst into tears, rocking himself to and fro in an agony of grief. Hagar was sorry for this unfortunate person, who had been so unlucky as to lose wife, and wealth, and country. She gave him the only comfort that was in her power.

"Here are twenty shillings," said she, placing some silver in his hand. "Perhaps Mohommed has not yet gone to Southampton ; or it may be that the servant with your jewels has not yet arrived. Go down to Hampshire, and see if you can recover your ring."

Alee thanked her with great emotion, and shortly afterwards left the shop, promising to tell her of the issue of this adventure. Hagar saw him depart with the fullest belief in his honesty of purpose, and perfect trust in the truth of his story ; but later on, when alone, she began to wonder if she had not been gulled by two sharpers. The whole story told by Alee was so like an adventure of the "Arabian Nights" that Hagar became more than a trifle doubtful of its truth. As the days went by, and Alee did not return as he had

promised, she fancied that her belief was a true one.

"Those two Persians have played a comedy of which I have been the dupe," she said to herself; "it has been done to get money. And yet I am not sure; the pair would not take all that trouble for a miserable twenty shillings. After all, Alee's story may be true; and he may be at Southampton trying to recover his ring and jewels."

In this conjecture she was perfectly right, for all the days of his absence Alee had been at Southampton looking vainly for Mohommed the thief. His twenty shillings had soon been expended; but luckily he had met with an Englishman whom he had known in Persia. This gentleman, an Oriental scholar and a liberal-minded man, had recognized Alee, dirty and miserable, as he haunted the Southampton quays looking for the servant of his friend and the recreant Mohommed. Carthew—for that was the Englishman's name—was profoundly shocked to find in such misery one whom he had known wealthy. He took Alee to his hotel, supplied him with food and clothes, and requested to know how the Persian had fallen so low. Alee repeated to this Samaritan the same story as he had told Hagar; but versed in the craft and topsy-turveydom of the East, Carthew was not so surprised or sceptical as the gipsy girl had been. He was sorry for poor Alee, who had been for so long the butt of Fortune, and determined to befriend him.

"I suppose there is no chance of your regaining the Shah's favour?" he asked the unfortunate man in his own tongue.

"Alas! no. What is, is. I conspired against the King of Kings; I was betrayed by Achmet; so there is no way in which I can approach again the Asylum of the Universe."

"Hump! looks like it," growled Carthew, stroking his white beard. "And Achmet, that son of a burnt father, is high in favour?"

"Yes; he is the governor of a province, and as he is friendly to Ayesha,

who is now the favourite of the Shah, he is above all fortune. It is strange," added Alee reflectively, "that those so rich and high-placed should wish to get me back to my death."

"They know they have wronged you, my friend, and so they hate you. But you are safe in England. Even the Shah cannot seize you here."

Alee reminded Carthew, as he had done Hagar, of the Chinese kidnapping case which had created so great a stir in England. Carthew laughed. "Why!" said he, "that case is your very safeguard. If the Persian Embassy seized you, they would have to release you. Remember, now that I have met you, you are not friendless. You stay by me, Alee, and you will be safe from the vengeance of your wife and Achmet."

"But I do not wish to live on your charity."

"You needn't," said the Oriental scholar bluntly. "As you know, I am translating the 'Epic of Kings' which Ferdusi wrote. You must assist me, and I'll engage you as my secretary. In a few months you'll be on your feet again, and no doubt I shall be able to find you some regular employment. As for that scoundrel Mohommed who stole the ring, I'll set the police after him. By the way, I suppose he dare not go back to Persia again?"

"No; he was a conspirator also," replied Alee. "We fled together from the wrath of the Shah. He was nearly captured and beheaded in mistake for me, as we are so like one another; but he managed to escape, and join me in England. Still, he is safer here than I, as he has no powerful enemies who desire his return to Persia."

"It's a case of dilly duck, come and be killed," said Carthew with a grim laugh. "Well, we must hunt up the scoundrel, and find your jewels if possible. Who was the friend who sent them to you?"

"Feshnavat, of Shiraz. He was a friend of my father's, and is, as you know, a great merchant."

"Yes, I know him," said Carthew, nodding; "a fine old man. I have no



doubt he recovered your jewels and sent them here all right. The pity is that he made their delivery depend upon the showing of the Shah's ring. Though, to be sure, he never anticipated that a villain would rob you of it. Truly, Alee, you are the most unlucky of men!"

"Not since I met with you, O comforter of the poor!" replied Alee gratefully. "You have been charitable and good, even as the woman who helped me in the great city. But to both reward shall come. What says the poet:

Give freely to the poor your gold;  
What's spent, will come back forty-fold."

"Ah, Alee," said Carthew with a half-sigh, "your couplet and gratitude are but bringing the poesy of the East into the prose of the West. You are in England, my friend—in ordinary, commonplace England; and not with Saadi in the gardens of Shiraz."

Carthew was as good as his word, and employed Alee to aid him in translating the *Epic of Kings*. With the first money which he earned the Persian went to see Hagar—to repay her, and to narrate all that had befallen him since he had left her shop. Hagar was pleased to see him, and gratified by the refunding of the money; for such action quite restored her faith in Alee, which she had been beginning to lose. She asked after Mohammed; but concerning that rascal the Persian was unable to give any news.

"He haf took my ring and jewels," sighed Alee mournfully, "and in some lan' far away he live on my moneys. But the justice of Allah, who sees the black beetle in the black rock, will smite him. He will fall in his splendour and evil doing, as the people of Ad went down to the dust. It is written."

In the meantime, Carthew, who had a genuine liking for Alee, made all inquiries about the absent Mohammed and the missing ring. For many weeks he learnt nothing; but finally chance set him on the track of the thief, and in the end he learnt all. He discovered what had become of Mohammed and

of the ring; and the discovery astonished him not a little. It was an Attaché of the Persian Embassy who revealed the truth; and Carthew judged it best that the lips of this same man should relate the story to Alee.

"My friend," said he one day to the Persian, "do you know a countryman of yours called Mirza Baba?"

"I have heard of him," replied Alee slowly, "but he has not seen my face, nor have I beheld him. Why do you ask?"

"Because he knows what has become of your ring."

"And of Mohammed? Oh, my friend, tell me of these things!" cried the Persian.

"Nay, Alee; it is better that the truth should come from the lips of Mirza Baba himself. I shall ask him here to tell you."

"But he may learn who I am!" muttered Alee in dismay.

"I think not, as he has never seen your face," replied Carthew, smiling; "besides——" He broke off with a nod. "Well, you'll hear the story as he tells it; but call all your self-command and Oriental impassiveness to your aid. You'll need courage."

"Let it be as you say," rejoined Alee, folding his hands. "To-day and to-morrow are in the hands of the All-Wise."

True to promise, Carthew next day received Mirza Baba in his house, and introduced him to Alee, who gave his countryman a feigned name. The Persian of the Embassy, who was a very great man indeed, paid little attention to Alee, whom he regarded simply as the secretary of Carthew, and as one quite beneath his notice. This neglect suited Alee, who sat meekly on one side, and listened to his own story, and to the story of Mohammed and the missing ring. Mirza Baba, in response to the request of Carthew, told it over pipes and coffee; and greatly astonished Alee in the telling.

"You know," said the Mirza, addressing himself particularly to Carthew, and quite ignoring his own countryman, "that this dog of an Alee, on

whose head be curses ! had the folly to conspire against the peace of the Shah —on whom be blessings. He escaped from the Land of the Sun, and came to this island of thine. Hither he was traced, and to assert the majesty of the Asylum of the Universe it was resolved that this son of a burnt father should be brought back to Persia for punishment. The Banou Ayesha, who is the Pearl of the East, was bent upon seeing the head of this traitor, to whom aforetime she had been wife, ere the King of Kings had deigned to cast his eyes upon her. Also, Achmet, the most zealous of governors, who had discovered the conspiracy of the evil-minded Alee, wished to punish him. Orders were sent to our Embassy that Alee should be taken even in the streets of London and sent back in chains to the Court of Teheran ; but this it was difficult to do."

"H'm ! I think so !" replied Carthew, drily. "The Chinese Embassy tried on that game with Sam Yat, and had to give him up. The English Government do not recognize the Embassies as so many neutral territories in London."

"It is true ; I know it," answered Baba, coolly. "Well, as there was no chance of getting Alee in that way, it was resolved to employ stratagem. A letter, purporting to be written by Feshnavat, of Shiraz, was sent to this traitor, in which it was set out that a box of jewels, saved from the wreck of his property, was being sent to England, and that it would be given up at Southampton to the bearer of the Shah's ring. You know of the ring, my friend?" added the Mirza.

"Yes ; the ring given by the Shah to Alee in exchange for his wife. Go on."

"That is so. The dog surrendered his spouse, who is now the Pearl of Persia, for the meanest ring worn by the Shah. It was known that he bore it to this land, so it was arranged by the Pearl and Achmet that such ring should be the means to lure this traitor to his death. Well, my friend," continued Baba, with a chuckle, "the plot

contrived by the wit of Banou Ayesha was successful. Alee went to Southampton, and finding the supposed servant of Feshnavat, produced the ring, and demanded the jewels. This was at night, so at once the traitor was seized and placed on board the waiting vessel to be taken to Persia."

"That was very clever," said Carthew, stealing a glance at Alee, who was painfully white. "And what happened then?"

"Lies and misfortune," replied Baba Mirza. "This Alee, when he learnt the truth, swore that he was not the man we sought, but one Mohommed, and that he had stolen the ring to get the jewels. Of course, no one believed this story, which, without doubt, was a mere trick to save his life. He was carefully watched, and was told that on arriving in Persia he would be beheaded at once. In fear of this death, the wretch escaped one night from the cabin in which he was confined, and threw himself into the sea. He left behind him the ring ; and this, seeing that the man was dead, was taken to Persia, in proof that Alee had been seized. The ring is now worn by the Pearl of Persia ; but never has she ceased regretting that Alee escaped her vengeance."

After telling this story, which was listened to with outward composure but inward fear by Alee, the Mirza took his leave. When alone with the Persian, Carthew turned to address him.

"Well, Alee," said he kindly, "you see Fortune has not forsaken you yet ! She has saved you, and punished Mohommed for his theft."

"What is, is," said Alee with Oriental impassiveness ; "but in truth it is wondrous that I escaped the snare. Now I can live in peace ; for, thinking me dead, neither Ayesha nor Achmet will seek me again. I have lost the ring, it is true ; but I have gained my life. Now I shall take another name, and dwell for the span of my days in England."

"It is a queer ending to the story," said Carthew, reflectively.

"The tale is as strange as any of the 'Thousand and One Nights,'" replied Alee. "It should be written in

letters of gold. It is of such that the poet writes":

Go forward on thy path, tho' darkness hides it;  
Thy destiny is sure, for Allah guides it.

(*To be continued.*)

## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

### *A Sketch of His Life.*

AN unquestionably great man, a notable statesman, an accomplished and versatile scholar, a high-principled English gentleman, a devoted husband and judicious parent, a warm friend and a generous enemy,—all this and more is William Ewart Gladstone, who, at the ripe age of eighty-eight years, has finally retired from political and from public life which has been the scene of his long list of successes, checkered though, as they have been, by many reverses.

It is hard for those of the present generation to realize the fact that Mr. Gladstone has lived under no less than four sovereigns, and has seen the last of the four reign for more than sixty years. He was more than ten years old when George III. died, he was an undergraduate at Oxford when George IV. was gathered to his fathers, and he had been a member of Parliament for more than four years when in June, 1837, William IV. died, and was succeeded by her present Majesty, to whom in her sixty years reign Mr. Gladstone has been no less than four times Prime Minister.

Let us go back for a short time to the period when Mr. Gladstone was at Oxford, and recall the then existing state of English society. It was in 1830, and affairs were then much as they had been at the abdication of James II., and at the coming of William of Orange. True, one great change was effected in 1829, during Mr. Gladstone's residence in Oxford, namely, Catholic Emancipation, yet

that was almost the only step that had been made in the direction of civil and religious liberty in more than one hundred and fifty years.

In 1830 the English criminal laws were Draconian in their severity, men were executed for larceny, for burglary, for escaping from penal settlements abroad, for forgery, for highway robbery, and for murder. The punishment for stealing a sheep was as great as that for slaying its owner, and the theft of a few shillings brought a man to the gallows, possibly in company with the ruffian who had first robbed and then murdered his victim. In 1830 slavery was not yet abolished in Britain's dependencies, and Mr. Gladstone was the son of a slave-owning father. At the same date the people of England were ruled by the nobility and landed gentry. Power, it is true, had at the Revolution passed from the hands of the monarch, all but completely, into that of the Parliament, but the House of Commons was the mere creature of the House of Lords, the vast majority of the members being elected, not by the people, but at the instance of the great landlords. Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, and other great centres of population and wealth were unrepresented, while Old Sarum, Gatton and Yarmouth, I.W., with not more than twenty electors between them, sent five members to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone himself was, on his first entry into the Reformed Parliament of 1833, a conspicuous instance of the power of the

landed gentry, for he was returned for Newark, where the Duke of Newcastle had great influence, in opposition to the popular candidate, and he enjoyed the distinction of being one of the small band of Tories who sat in that Parliament. Not only was he a Tory, but by sitting for Newark he practically endorsed the action of the Duke of Newcastle in the bitter opposition he had offered to the Reform Bill. This same Duke of Newcastle was the peer who, on being attacked in the House of Lords for coercing the electors of Newark, replied: "May I not do what I like with my own?" He looked upon the electors of the borough of Newark as his property politically, just as their dwellings were his, and had been his father's before him.

At the same period open voting was the custom, and Mr. Gladstone's return for Newark caused a loud outcry to be raised for the introduction of the ballot, a proposal opposed in Parliament by no one more heartily than Mr. Gladstone himself. Other features of the period were that Oxford and Cambridge Universities were virtually the property of the Anglican Church, as no one could obtain a degree or a fellowship at either of these institutions unless he was prepared to subscribe to the XXXIX. Articles of the Church of England.

It was then, as the champion of these abuses, that Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons. He was the apologist for, if not the defender of, slavery in the colonies; he was the advocate of legislation by the landed interests and of a restricted franchise, rather than of government by the people for the people; he was averse to the electors being untrammelled when they went to the polling-booths; he

was a warm supporter of the then existing system at Oxford and Cambridge Universities; he was no less ardent in his opposition to any change in the Corn Laws; and above everything else he was a defender of the connection between Church and State, not alone in Great Britain but equally so in Ireland. Such was Mr. Gladstone when he commenced his political career.

In the history of the lives of England's statesmen there is no parallel case to that of Mr. Gladstone. Many men have changed their views and modified their opinions with the growth

of years and experience, but none have so completely renounced almost every opinion and principle which they at first advocated and professed to believe in as he has. In stating this fact no question is raised as to Mr. Gladstone's sincerity. He had much to lose and nothing to gain by leaving the Tory party. Had he remained with the latter he would, in all probability, have been Prime Minister long before he was. As it was, while, from the death of Peel to that of Palmerston, Gladstone was hated by

the Tories for his desertion from them, he was viewed with suspicion and distrust by a large section of the Whigs and also by the more advanced Liberals. These latter, while admiring his genius, were afraid that his Liberalism would prove to be evanescent, while the Whigs feared he would throw himself wholly into the arms of the Radicals.

Mr. Gladstone did not disappoint the advanced Liberals, and he all but wholly fulfilled the vaticinations of the Whigs.

Let us trace his public acts, always bearing in mind the principles he was





FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.





FROM THE PICTURE BY H. J. THADDEUS.

MR. GLADSTONE IN 1888.

elected to support. His first desertion from his party was when he avowed himself a supporter of Free Trade, and in consequence lost his seat for New-ark, being dismissed by the Duke of Newcastle with less ceremony than the latter would have exercised towards a servant. Finding a seat for Oxford University in 1846, still as a Conservative, though admittedly a progressive one, he represented that constituency until 1865, when he was defeated at the polls by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who, in after years, became Earl of Cranbrook. During the nineteen years he represented the University he gave, at first, an independent support to the

Conservative party, and, later, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's and Lord Russell's Governments, the latter pronouncedly a Reform Ministry.

In this long period, the "Palmerstonian Era" as it has been called, occurred the Crimean war, the policy of which Mr. Gladstone supported, opposed vigorously as it was by Milner Gibson, Cobden and Bright. Then came the Indian Mutiny and the American Civil War, when Mr. Gladstone avowed himself unreservedly as sympathizing with the Southern Confederacy. The fact of his adopting the last named policy caused him to be distrusted by the great bulk of English Liberals, and it was thought for a time that he would once more become a prominent Conservative. Not so, though; at the general elections of 1865, in July, Mr. Gladstone was rejected by Oxford and was elected by south-west Lancashire, and then and there renounced the Conservative party and all its works. In the following October died

Lord Palmerston; he was succeeded by Earl Russell, as Premier, with Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the Parliamentary session of 1866 the latter introduced into the House of Commons the Reform Bill.

It is needless to say much about this measure; it was an exceedingly moderate one in its terms, but it antagonized the Whigs and did not conciliate the Tories, and though read a second time was defeated in committee. Then came Earl Derby for a brief period, and after him Mr. Disraeli, as Prime Ministers. The latter, like his predecessor, also introduced a Reform Bill, and by "educating his party" with the aid of

the Liberals carried it triumphantly through Parliament. It was a far more sweeping measure than had been proposed by Mr. Gladstone and bitterly opposed by Mr. Disraeli, and it is not to be wondered at that Lords Salisbury, Carnarvon and General Peel resigned their portfolios rather than sanction such tergiversation and abandonment of all principles hitherto professed by the Conservative party.

All this took place in 1867, and the session closed with the Conservatives still in office, though in a minority in the House. During the next session Mr. Gladstone saw his way to reunite the Whigs and advanced Liberals in the House of Commons and the country, and, throwing all principles hitherto professed to the winds, introduced his famous resolutions on the Irish Church. They were four in number, and as on the first the others hung, it is only necessary to quote the former. It was as follows: "It is expedient the Irish Church should cease to exist as an establishment." Here was a bolt from the blue for the Conservative party, an apparently heaven-sent inspiration for the Liberal. To quote the late Earl of Derby, "Ireland," just then, "was the question of the hour." Quiet, stay-at-home people had been horrified by the agrarian murders and outrages, by the Fenian rising, by the Manchester outrage, and by the Clerkenwell explosion, and it was felt by all that something must be done, that Ireland had some grievances, not of a sentimental or visionary nature, and that it behoved Britain to remedy them.

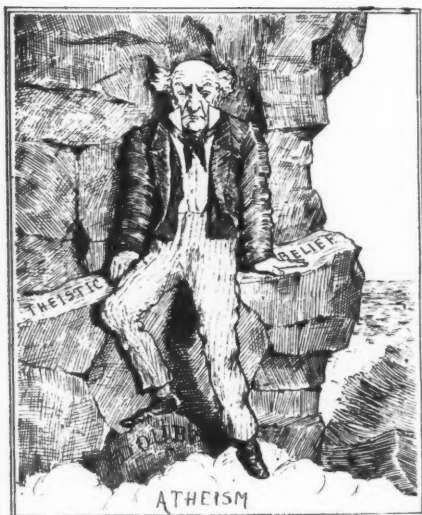
After long and acrimoni-

ous debate, Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were carried through the House of Commons by large majorities, the late Sir Robert Peel, and the late Earl Selborne, then Sir Roundell Palmer, being the only Whigs or Liberals who did not support them. They were unceremoniously rejected by the House of Lords, and then Mr. Disraeli announced that he would appeal to the country. It is impossible for those of the present generation to



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. C. FORBES, R.C.A.

MR. GLADSTONE.



AN OLD CARTOON (ABOUT 1869).

realize the intense bitterness that was evoked in England towards Mr. Gladstone during the general election which followed. He was satirized, abused, calumniated. "He was a traitor to his country, false alike to his Sovereign and his Church, one who would betray the interests of Great Britain for the sake of grasping power, a man wholly destitute of principle." So was he described both in the press and on the platform. Through this storm of abuse Mr. Gladstone bore himself with dignity, and in the end obtained an enormous majority in the House in favor of his policy.

There is little to be wondered at in the bitterness displayed by so many towards Mr. Gladstone. It was then but a short time, comparatively speaking, since he had been one of the warmest supporters of the Irish Church which he was seeking to deprive of her temporalities, and only a few months previously he had unequivocally declared that the question of disestablishing that Church was "not a question of practical politics."

The year 1869 saw the Irish Church disestablished, Mr. Gladstone being

the prime mover in the matter. Then followed the passing of the Ballot Act, the abolition of all religious tests at Oxford and at Cambridge, the abolition of purchase in the Army, and the Act providing that education should be compulsory and unsectarian. Every one of these measures Mr. Gladstone had at previous periods of his career opposed.

When the Liberal party were defeated at the polls in 1874, Mr. Gladstone retired from the leadership of the party, and it would have been well for himself and for his reputation if he had adhered to his determination not to take any further active part in political affairs. But in 1879 and 1880 he was once more to the front in what is now always spoken of as the Midlothian campaign. In this celebrated "pilgrimage of passion,"

so it was described by Lord Beaconsfield, he most vigorously attacked the foreign policy of the latter. He was not only returned for Midlothian, but once more led his party to victory. But the record of Mr. Gladstone's term of office from 1880 until 1885 is one that most Liberals wish could be blotted from history. The only prominent features of those five years politically were at home Coercion Acts for Ireland, with loss of prestige for England abroad. Majuba Hill, Gordon and Khartoum, are not memories which are dear to Englishmen. That Mr. Gladstone was conscientious in his policy at this period no one denies, but that he was weak and irresolute is equally well-known and as bitterly lamented by his admirers as by his opponents.

Driven from power in 1885 by an adverse vote of the House of Commons on the details of the Budget, Mr. Gladstone saw Lord Salisbury become Prime Minister, he himself reverting to the position of Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the Commons.

Now comes the strangest phase in

<sup>1</sup>There is no such titular office actually: the official title is First Lord of the Treasury.

all Mr. Gladstone's career and the one which his most enthusiastic admirers find the greatest difficulty to satisfactorily explain. Mr. Gladstone, from 1880 until 1885, had been the strongest opponent of Home Rule for Ireland, and had denounced the Home Rule party and their leaders, their objects and their aims, in the most unmeasured terms. More than this, he had publicly rejoiced at the fact that Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Home Rule party, had been imprisoned, while his Cabinet had introduced, and Parliament, at his instigation, had passed, Coercion Acts for Ireland perfectly unexampled in the severity of their provisions.

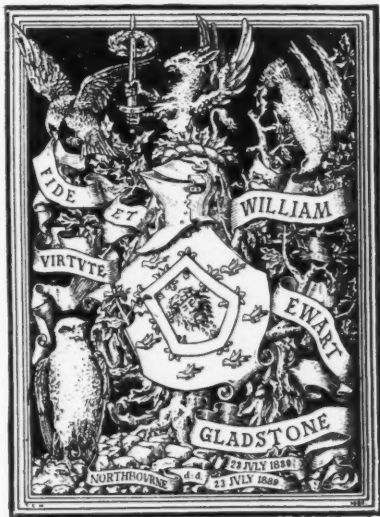
But there is yet more to be said. Mr. Gladstone owed his defeat on his Budget to the fact that the Parnellites, or Home Rulers, joined with the Conservatives and thus outvoted the Ministerialists, and that no louder cheers were raised, no party exulted more vigorously than the Home Rulers when the Gladstone Ministry fell.

Mr. Gladstone, in his appeal to the constituencies, had not a word to say about granting Home Rule, but exhorted the electors of the three kingdoms to return him to power with such a majority that he could settle the Irish question independently of both the Conservative and the Irish party. But no such result followed the polling; the Irish party held the balance of power, and it was evident, before the House met, that no ministry could exist without their support.

Then came a letter, published in all the papers, from Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in which the writer gave a guarded assent to the Irish party's demands. Not much weight was at first attached to this communication, yet it was sufficient to alarm the Whig element among the Liberal party, and when Mr. Gladstone (after the defeat of the Salisbury Administration on an amendment to the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne), in the latter days of 1885, formed his third Ministry, Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, as representing the Whigs, declined to join it. It should

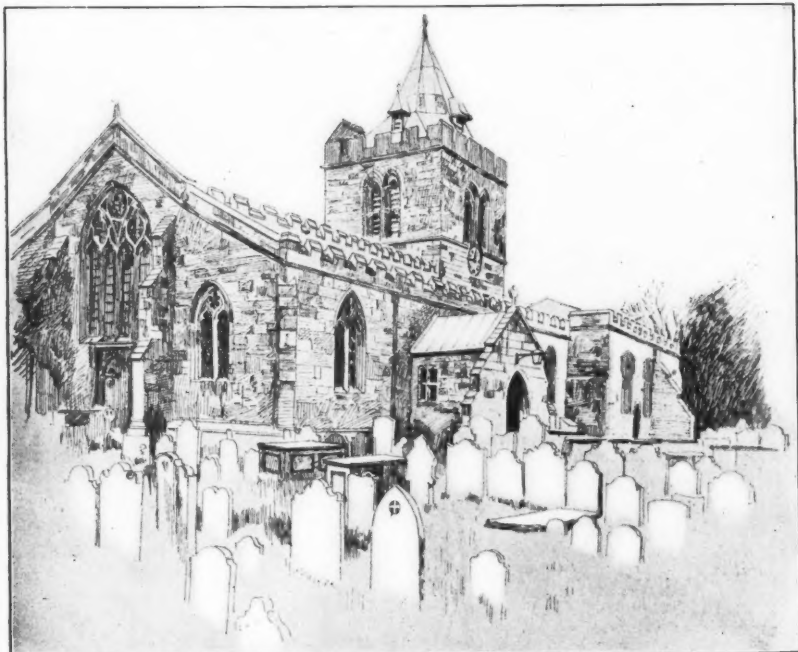
be stated here, to make matters perfectly clear, that the amendment to the address had no reference to the Irish demands, but was moved by an English member\* on a purely domestic question of English rural life. But the Irish members had learned that if Mr. Gladstone was again in office that some attention would be given to the object of their desire, Home Rule for Ireland, so they voted with the Liberals and defeated the Conservative Ministry.

We all know what was the sequel. Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, was defeated in the House, and shattered the Liberal party. That was in 1886; once again he appealed to the country, only to be decisively defeated at the polls. At the General Election in 1892 the Liberals were again successful, but even then Home Rule had taken, to use a homely expression, "a back seat," and was not a prominent article in the political creed of Liberals. These latter for the most part let Home Rule severely alone on the platform; they were content "to support Mr. Gladstone."



MR. GLADSTONE'S BOOK PLATE.

\* The Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P. for Ipswich.



FROM A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

HAWARDEN CHURCH.

Well, once more, in 1892, Mr. Gladstone, then in his 83rd year, became Premier, and also, once more, he brought in a Home Rule Bill. By the aid of the Closure it was passed through the House of Commons, only to be ignominiously rejected by the House of Lords. A cry arose from a small section of the Liberal party in consequence that it was time to destroy the Second Chamber, but in this demand Mr. Gladstone, to his lasting credit, did not join. Very soon afterwards he retired from office, and from Parliament at the General Election of 1895.

Such as briefly told in this sketch has been the political career of Mr. Gladstone. There is but one way to account for his complete surrender of all previously-expressed convictions, notably on the Irish, as upon other prominent questions. He had tried coercion, he had given the Irish perfect religious

equality, he had reformed their land laws, and yet they were discontented and disloyal. More coercion he argued was impracticable; it had been tried and found wanting, another course must be adopted, and that was acceding to the spirit of their demands, namely, to govern themselves. That he was almost alone in his conviction is a matter of history. In the House of Commons he was deserted by Lord Hartington, the leader of the Whigs; by Joseph Chamberlain, the representative of the advanced Radicals; by Jesse Collings, the leader of the agricultural labourers—the “three acres and a cow” party,—and by many more prominent members of the Liberal party. In the House of Peers his only prominent supporters were Earls Granville, Kimberley, Spencer, Rosebery and Aberdeen. In the Commons he had Sir William Harcourt, John Morley, Campbell-Bannerman and A. J. Mun-



della. Of all these just named only Earls Granville and Rosebery, with Sir William Harcourt, could be regarded as statesmen of the first rank.

That the policy pursued by Mr. Gladstone was a mistaken one is now pretty generally admitted by all, excepting the Irish party. Both of the Home Rule bills he introduced were utterly impracticable in many of their details, and would, in their working, have caused far more discontent than they were intended to allay. That the solution of the Irish problem lies, to a great extent, in a modified form of self-government few people are disposed to deny. But there is no use in giving self-government to people who openly set at naught and defy the laws which they themselves help to make. The people of Ireland, all both Romanist and Protestant, the citizens of Dublin and Belfast alike, have yet to learn that those who aspire to rule must first of all learn to obey. Had Mr. Gladstone told the Irish people plainly that the law of the land had to be obeyed, and that transgressors, whether Nationalists or Orangemen, would be surely punished, had he supported Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour when they adopted and vigorously carried out the latter policy, introducing at the same time as they did ameliorative measures, he would have done far more to make Ireland prosperous, to make her people contented and Home Rule practicable, than all his eloquence, all his sincerity, all his sacrifice of friends and personal popularity ever achieved.

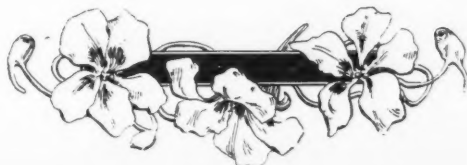
To turn, in conclusion, to Mr. Gladstone's career as a man of letters and

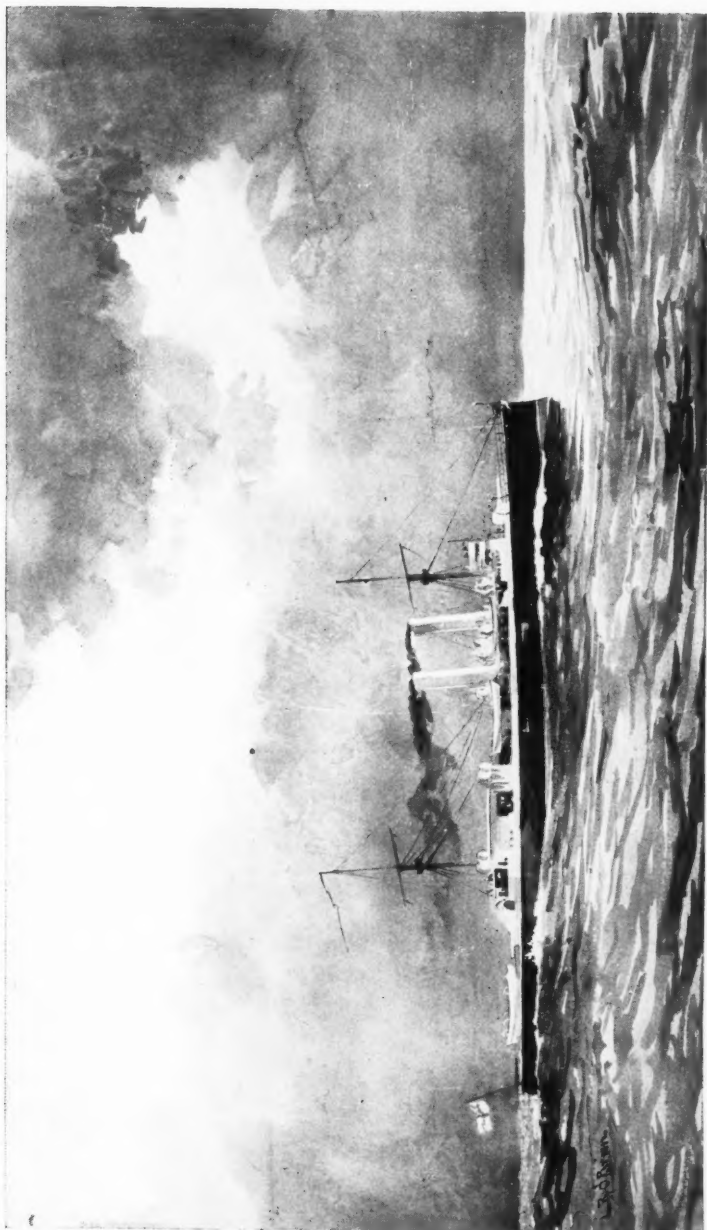
as one of the greatest masters in English literature. Here it is impossible to estimate his influence on the thought of the age, and to do justice to his marvellous versatility; this much, though, may safely be said: that he has written on no subject which has not gained from the mere fact that he has discussed it. Nothing sordid, nothing mean, ever came from his pen, and the world of letters was enriched by his life as it will be impoverished by his death.

One word more. Painful as have been some of Mr. Gladstone's utterances and changes of opinion, he has all through his long career been single-minded and unselfish to the last degree. No breath of self-interest, no thought of gain to himself or his family has ever influenced him in his public acts, and it is to the lasting disgrace of some of his opponents and biographers that they have, in speaking of his career, referred to the fact that he was once accused of being a bondholder of the Confederate States, and that his strong support of the Secessionists was influenced by mercenary motives. This wicked slander was no sooner uttered than it was completely confuted, yet would-be historians have repeated the story and scarcely noticed the refutation.

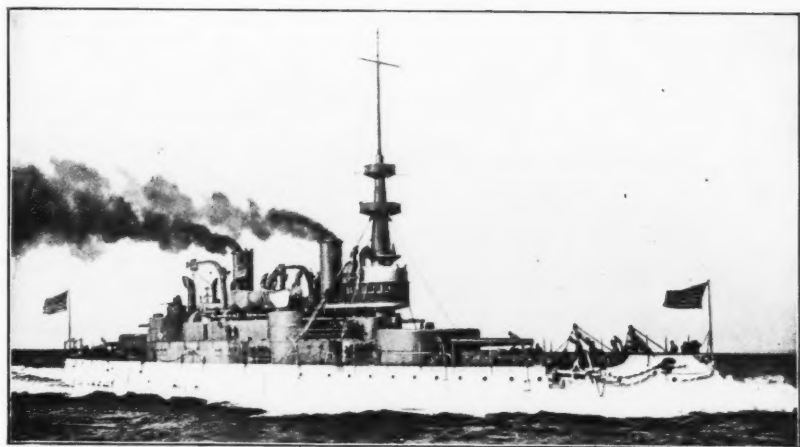
Of Mr. Gladstone's home life, of his character as a Christian gentleman, as the tenderest of husbands, and the most indulgent and judicious of parents, this is not the time or place to speak. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

*Thomas E. Champion.*





THE "BLAKE"—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH CRUISER.



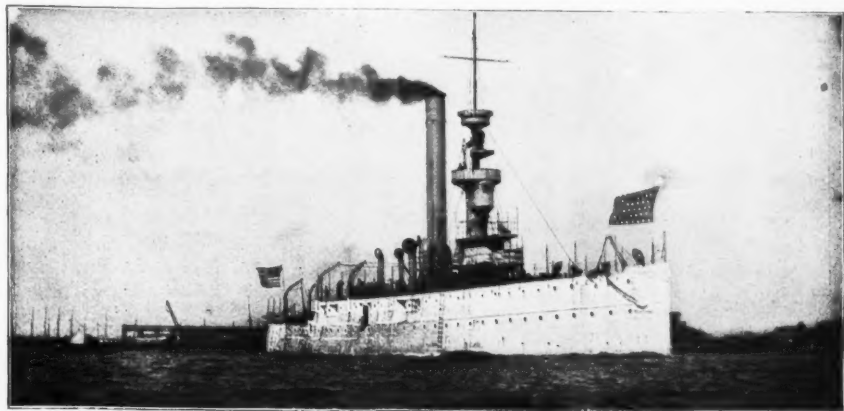
U.S. BATTLESHIP "INDIANA."—10,288 TONS ; 15.5 KNOTS ; 473 MEN.

## WARSHIPS AND WAR.

WARSHIPS and their value is a most interesting subject at any time, and especially at a moment when two nations have decided to spend five hundred million dollars apiece to test the merits of each kind of vessel. China and Japan had two naval battles some time ago, but the conditions were such that not much was decided. Now, Spain and the United States have un-

dertaken to solve the riddle. But a billion of dollars must be expended! Enough to give every man, woman and child in Canada a present of two hundred dollars in gold!

The fleets of England and France which bombarded Sebastopol in the Crimean war, 1854-56, were wooden structures, despite the fact that armoured vessels had been suggested and



U.S. GUN BOAT "HELENA."—1,392 TONS ; 15.5 KNOTS ; 175 MEN.

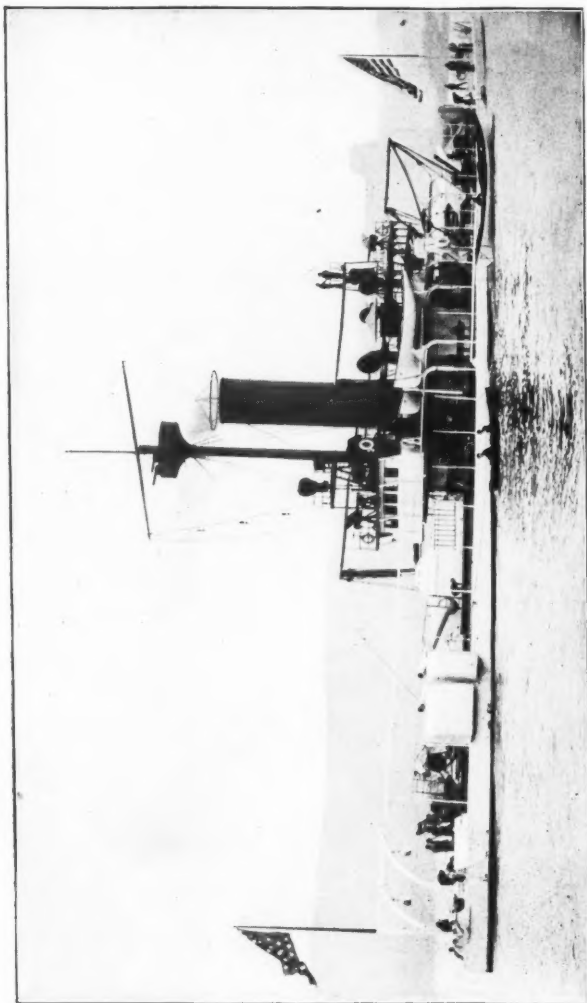
designed. This war, however, proved an armoured floating battery to be good, and led the naval experts to fresh hope for armoured vessels. The Frenchmen led the way. In 1858, they

the waterline, and the total weight of the iron was about 900 tons. Below the waterline, the hull was of uncovered wood.

This French ship stimulated the British to attempt the same kind of vessel, and in 1859 they built the *Warrior* with a steel hull instead of wood, and with a patch of plates on each side of the ship where damage might be most vital. This vessel was 420 feet long, and the patch of plates 218 feet in length, thus covering about the half of the exposed surface. The plates were  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick and were intended to protect her batteries and her engines.

But neither of these vessels nor those which were modelled after them in the next few years were ever tested in actual battle. The first contest between two armoured vessels was that between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, at Hampton Roads, on May 9th, 1862. These two United

States vessels were experiments. The *Merrimac* was an old wooden steam vessel, rebuilt at the Norfolk Navy Yard and armoured to the waterline. The *Monitor* was a flat iron boat with



U. S. MONITOR "MIANTONOMOHI."—3,999 TONS; 10.5 KNOTS; 200 MEN.

took an old wooden, two-decked, line of battle ship, removed her upper deck and put around her a belt of iron between four and five inches in thickness. This belt did not extend much below

only a central cylinder rising above the water-level deck. In this cylinder were two guns. The *Merrimac* had eleven guns, but the *Monitor* offered such a small target that but one could be used at a time. The *Monitor* had solid shot, but her shell guns could not throw them hard enough to hurt the *Merrimac*. The latter had large caliber guns but no solid shot. Hence the engagement was a drawn battle, neither one being able to damage the other.

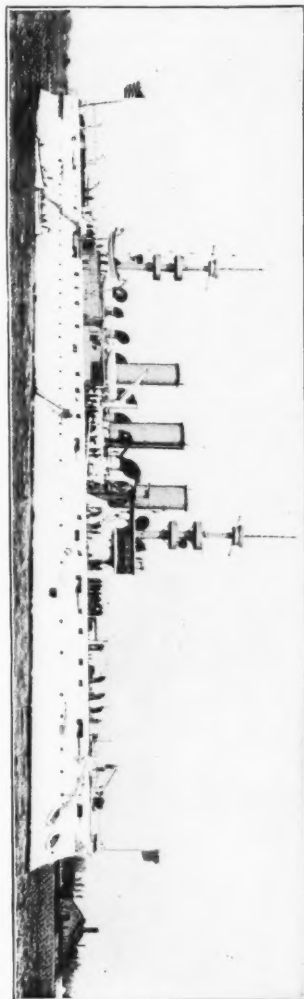
Two years later there was a second contest which confirmed the value of armour. This was an encounter between the *Kearsage* and the famous *Alabama*, when the former, protected by mere chains covering both sides, easily sank the latter, an uncovered vessel.

From this period forward may be dated the age of armoured vessels. The old wooden vessels with high decks and an enormous number of guns were laid away to rot, and pathetic sights many of them have been ever since. Newer ships, not of great length, but of great power, both in engines and in shot-resisting quality, have succeeded. The first of these were rude, unwieldy and not really of much service; but gradual improvements have rendered the modern armoured vessel an object of awe and respect.

All large war vessels have now steel hulls, but France did not abandon her wooden hulls until 1872. Between 1860 and 1870, the patch of armour on the sides was, in Great Britain, replaced by an end to end belt. France followed Great Britain in the use of steel hulls, and Great Britain followed France in the adoption of the end to end belt. This is but an example of how each nation is continually learning from the other.

The new vessel is larger and heavier than the old, but requires fewer men. In 1793, a 120-gun ship would weigh about 2,500 tons, and would require a complement of 850 officers, men and boys. In 1895, the *Royal Sovereign*, a ship of 14,150 tons, had only 720 officers and men. Much of the work is done by engines. This great vessel has 86 engines, about one-half of the number

being duplicates. There are engines for driving the screws, for generating electricity, for compressing air, for moving coal, for raising ashes, for moving the guns, and for doing everything of importance in connection with



The Flag Ship of Rear Admiral Sampson, now in Cuban waters.—8,200 Tons; 21 Knots; 537 Men.

the interior working of this intricate and wonderful structure.

That the progress of modern invention has substituted machinery for men on war vessels is not a fact to be re-



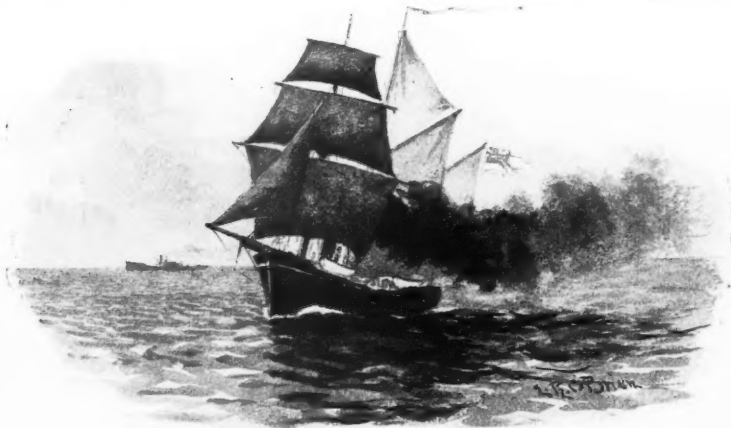
gretted by those who have the interests of humanity at heart. As soon as war can be reduced to a science in which human life will not be endangered, it will lose much of its objectionableness.

Old time war ships were classed as (1) line of battleships, (2) frigates, (3) corvettes, (4) sloops. A new classification obtains at the present time :

1. Battleships.
2. Cruisers.
  - (a) Armoured Cruiser.
  - (b) Large, partially protected, Cruiser.
  - (c) Medium small Cruiser.
3. Torpedo Gun Boats (destroyers).
4. Torpedo Boats.
5. Auxiliaries.

of dollars each. They are the vessels which are able to give and receive destructive fire, able to stand in the line of battle and to bear the brunt of an engagement.

The cruisers are auxiliary vessels. The best of them are also able to enter the line of battle, but they can only do so if they possess steel decks and armoured belts. Their characteristics are, the possession of quick-firing guns, great coal carrying capacity, and a high speed. The battleship travels from 10 to 17 knots per hour, and the cruisers from 17 to 23 knots. Many of the cruisers have steel decks, but no armoured belt ; but these vessels must keep out of range of the opposing bat-



THE "THRUSH"—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH GUN BOAT.

The modern battleship is stoutly armoured, the plates running some distance below the waterline. The main batteries are also heavily armoured, and the smaller batteries have lighter protecting plates. Each battleship has usually four large guns which are able to fire shells of sufficient force and strength to pierce armour on opposing vessels. They have also secondary batteries, in various portions of the vessel, composed of quick-fire pieces. These are intended to destroy life and the upper portion of an opposing vessel. These battleships are about 375 feet long, and cost from three to five millions

tleships or they would soon be sunk. A large unarmoured cruiser might go into a general engagement, but it would be with considerable risk.

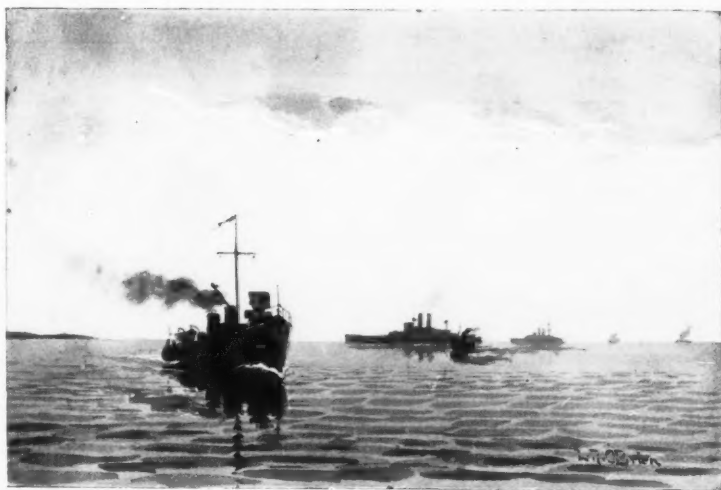
Torpedo destroyers, or torpedo gun boats, are vessels usually of 200 or 300 tons burthen, 180 to 220 feet long, and capable of travelling at the rate of 27 to 33 knots (30 to 38 miles). They possess great engine-power, and are armed usually with five or six quick-firing guns. They are intended for offensive defence of a fleet, in that they are able to chase torpedo boats and destroy or cripple them before they can get close enough to discharge their

torpedos at the larger and slower battleships and cruisers.

The smallest and most modern boat is the torpedo boat, which carries guns especially constructed for the discharge of torpedos. The torpedo (usually the Whitehead, the best of the torpedos) is a long, cigar-shaped, brass cylinder, about 18 inches in diameter. To the butt end is attached a sort of wheel which guides the torpedo through the water. Each torpedo contains from 100 to 200 pounds of gun cotton, which is exploded when the pointed end of the torpedo is driven back by contact with

plement of men, its wonderfully intricate machinery, and its delicately constructed but powerful guns, is a dangerous trap; and swift torpedo destroyers are, on the other hand, absolutely necessary. If torpedo boats and torpedos are purely theoretical—and there is little proof to the contrary—then the torpedo destroyers are not so necessary as cruisers and battleships.

This uncertainty will be made more prominent in the average mind by a reference to the history of the torpedo. A crude sort was used in the Civil War and one or two ships were destroyed.



THE "DARING"—BRITISH TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.

a solid body. The torpedos are discharged by compressed air, and travel a few feet below the surface of the water, at a rate of about 30 knots an hour. True, certain aim can be taken at 400 yards or under, but most of them will run 800 yards. Above 400 yards there is less certainty of the torpedo reaching the target.

The torpedo boat and the torpedo render modern naval warfare a worrisome enigma. If the torpedo boats can be relied upon to deal such blows as have been expected of them, then the line of battleship, with its great com-

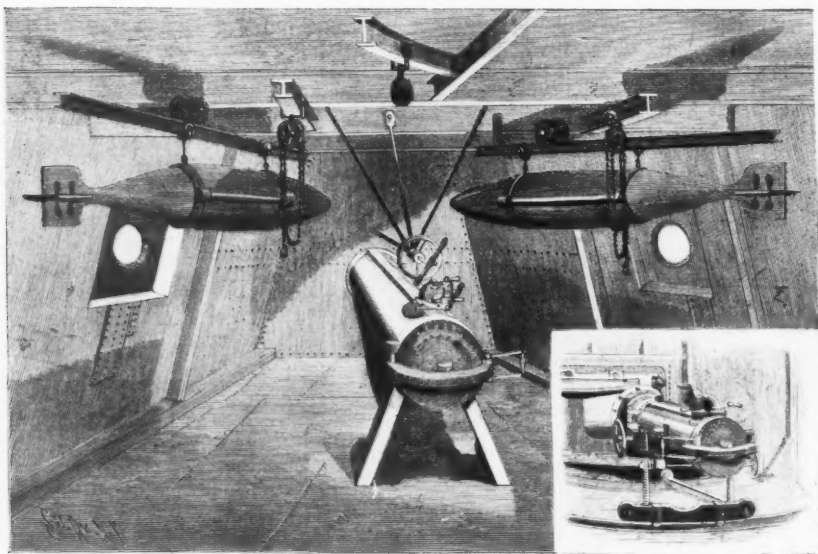
It is said to have been used in the Turko-Russian war, but there is no real evidence of anything having been accomplished by it. In 1891, during the Chilian civil war, the warship *Blanco* was sunk by a torpedo, six having been discharged at her. When examined afterwards, a hole fifteen feet long and seven feet broad was found in her hull. If holes of this kind can be made at will by torpedos, then the torpedo is a great factor for the future, in spite of netting, torpedo boat destroyers, and a rain of shells. But it is hard to construct a rule from one instance. It was

generally expected that the Chinese-Japanese war would settle the question of the possibility of destroying moving ships by torpedos. No destruction by these occurred, so far as is known. The contest clearly proved that armoured vessels are vastly superior to unarmoured vessels in the line of battle, but it left the question of the utility of torpedos to be decided by other contestants. Perhaps the present war between Spain and the United States

Secondly, under cover of darkness or heavy smoke, the small, swift boat may run up unperceived and perform its deadly office. Whether this can be successfully performed in a battle upon the open sea is the undecided question which places modern naval warfare in so much uncertainty.

Concerning torpedo boats, *The Scientific American*, in a recent issue, says:

"One of the earliest successful attempts to make use of the torpedo boat in naval warfare



FROM "THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

THE BOW TORPEDO ROOM OF THE "INDIANA."

Two torpedos are shown suspended from the ceiling. The breech-loading launching-tube, from which the torpedos are discharged, is seen in the centre, and a second gun or tube (for use on the broadside of a vessel) is shown in the smaller diagram. Each torpedo is eighteen inches in diameter, and weighs 835 pounds. It contains three compartments: the first contains the gun cotton, which is fired when the torpedo strikes an obstacle; the second is charged with air at 1,300 pounds to the square inch pressure; and the third contains the little compressed air engines which work the screw propellers.

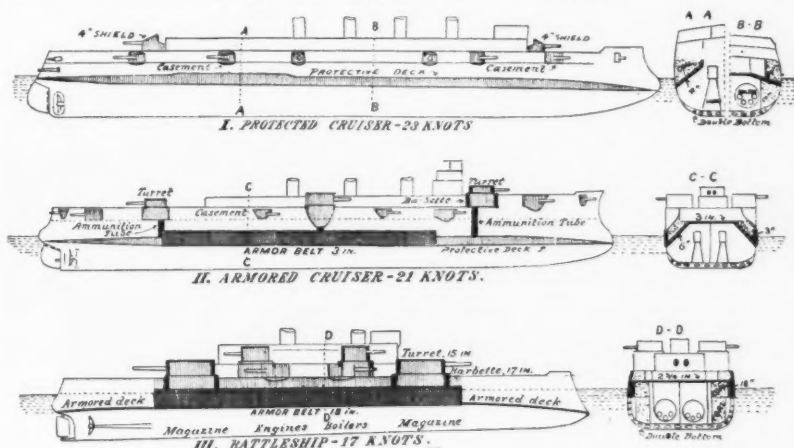
will settle the question, but it is hardly likely.

Theoretically the small torpedo boat is useful on two occasions. First, when a large battleship or cruiser has been badly injured and her quick-firing guns have been rendered ineffective, the swift torpedo boat may run up without much danger, and on arriving at close quarters discharge a torpedo which will at once sink the larger vessel.

occurred in the Civil War, when the *Housatonic* was sunk by a rebel craft, which paid for its daring with its own destruction, being sucked into the ghastly hole which it had torn in the man-of-war. This was one of the lessons of the Civil War which was laid to heart by the European nations, and out of this and later successful tests of the torpedo has sprung that vast fleet of miniature craft which forms such a formidable feature of the equipment of the navies of the world. The earlier boats were what is known as spar torpedo boats, from the fact that the torpedo was carried at the end of a long spar which projected forward from

the bow of the boat, the torpedo exploding by contact. Then came the automobile White-head torpedo, with its ability when once discharged to run from 600 to 800 yards of its own accord. The size and speed of the torpedo boat were rapidly increased, especially the latter, and the importance of this method of attack was increasingly recognized. The torpedo boat of twenty-five years ago, with its spar torpedo, was a diminutive affair, having a speed of only 12 or 13 knots. In 1877, however, it had grown to have a length from 85 to 100 feet, and a speed of from 18 to 21 knots. As the demand increased the builders paid particular attention to reduction of weight and increase of boiler and engine efficiency,

a fleet of torpedo boats and prevent them from attacking the larger ships. At the same time the destroyer carries a full complement of torpedoes, and would be capable of sinking battleships and cruisers if she could get within the torpedo range. It is generally to be regretted that in the earlier years of our naval construction we omitted to provide the navy with an adequate torpedo fleet, as we are likely to suffer somewhat from the lack of them in the event of hostilities. The defect is being remedied, however, as fast as the boats can be turned out, and the present Congress has recommended the construction of thirty craft of the kind in addition to those already on the stocks."



FROM "THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

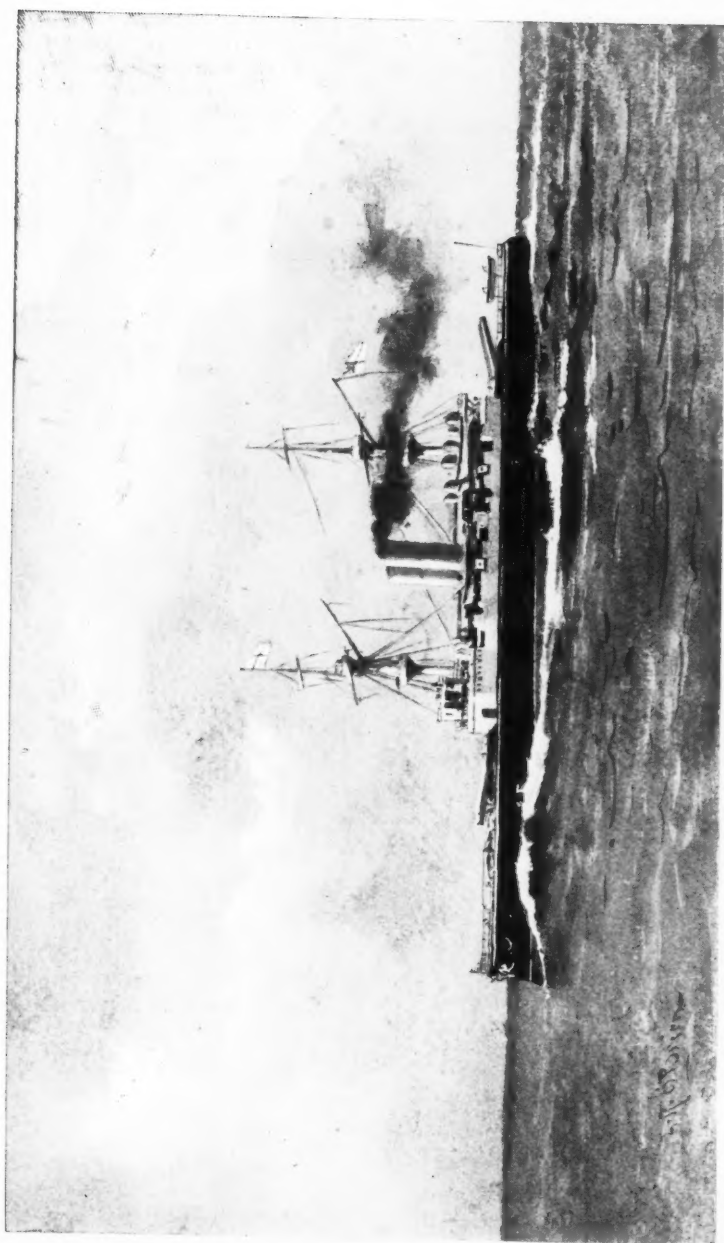
#### COMPARATIVE ARMOUR PROTECTION IN MODERN WAR VESSELS.

The Protected Cruiser (Fig. I.) is a light vessel with a steel deck which protects the engines and boilers below, and with light armour protection for its guns. It has no protective armour on its sides. The Armoured Cruiser (Fig. II.) has all of the above with the addition of a side belt of armour at the waterline; the protection of its heavier armament is also more complete. As a consequence it is a heavier and slower vessel. The Battleship (Fig. III.) is still heavier and slower. The guns are larger, weighing as much as 60 tons apiece. The protective plates on the barbettes and turrets is 15 feet thick, instead of 4 inches as in the Protected Cruiser. The side belt of armour is about the same thickness. In the diagrams the armour is indicated by full black lines or by shading, the approximate thickness of the armour being shown by the thickness of lines and the depth of the shading.

and in 1877 the *Ariete*, built by Thornycroft for the Spanish Government, astonished the world by running a mile at the speed of 26 knots an hour. Five years later the *Daring*, a 220 ton boat, built by Thornycroft for the British navy, made 28.65 knots an hour, and in 1895 the *Sokol*, built by Yarrow for the Russian Government, passed the 30 knot limit.

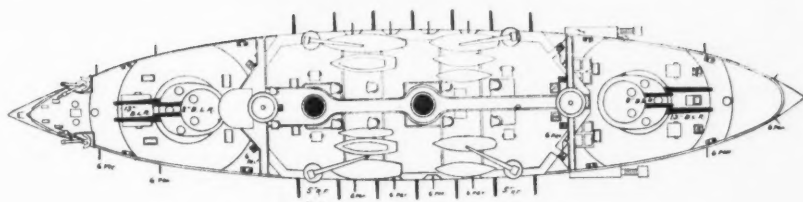
"The later torpedo boats are known as destroyers. They are large vessels of 300 to 400 tons displacement, and powerful enough to maintain their speed in rough weather, which the torpedo boat cannot do. They have a speed from 30 to 33 knots, and carry a powerful armament of rapid-fire guns, the object being to enable them to chase and sink

The monitors are modelled and named after the *Monitor*, which, in 1862, made a stand against the *Merrimac*. They are low boats, and consequently exceedingly difficult to hit. They have a moderate speed, heavy armour, and a few very heavy guns. Being intended for coast work they are not suited for rough seas. They are really floating batteries. There are five in the United States navy. The *Miantonomoh*, *Monadnock*, *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, are sisters, and have a displacement of 3,990 tons. The other



THE "RAMILIES"—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH BATTLESHIP.





DECK PLAN OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY."

There are two 13-inch guns at each end, and just above these, two 8-inch guns. Besides these armour-piercing guns, there are seven 5-inch rapid-fire guns on each side. In addition there are twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Colts and two field guns.

United States monitor is the *Puritan*, which is nearly twice the weight. The armour belt is seven feet high and rises four feet above the waterline; its thickness varies from 5 to 9 inches. The main deck is of  $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch steel. These boats have a speed of about 10 knots, a complement of 182 men, four 10-inch guns, two 4-inch, two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two Hotchkiss, and two 1-pounders.

The question as to which country has the best naval equipment cannot be definitely settled owing to this uncertainty as to the relative value of battleships, torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers. "Brassey's Annual" believes that the best test is the annual appropriation made by each country, which is approximately as follows:

British Empire.....	\$93,505,000
France.....	54,073,000
Russia.....	30,513,000
United States.....	25,366,000
Germany.....	21,590,000
Italy.....	18,567,000
Japan.....	6,000,000

The British warships of all kinds number nearly one thousand, and her active navy totals about one hundred thousand men. France has nearly six hundred fighting vessels of one kind or another. The other nations have proportionate numbers.

But numbers and size and kind do not always prove superior in naval engagements. A good ship poorly armed may be sunk by a smaller and lighter ship with better guns. Again,

the relative superiority of officers and gunners must be considered. If all newspaper reports are true, the gunners of the United States vessels have shown themselves superior to those on the Spanish ships in the small engagements which have already occurred. They have better guns, and this gives them an advantage which their skill, seemingly, enables them to maintain.

The British navy seems to be the best in the world. It is the largest, the best equipped, and the best manned. The Britisher has always been a sailor. His home is on the rolling deep. For these reasons the rulers of the British Empire can afford to allow the nation to stand in "splendid isolation."

Whether the first half of the twentieth century will show as great a development in warships as has the last half of the nineteenth remains to be seen. If it does, the warship of 1950 will be a vessel which will be able to cross the ocean without being seen on the surface of the water, and will be able to fly from ocean to ocean without the necessity of taking long cruises around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. If the nations of the world are to go on competing for abnormal shares of the world's wealth, then these same nations will go on fighting. If they continue fighting, the warship must continue developing. Where it will end, no one can foresee; yet everyone seems optimistic enough to go on living with a firm belief that in the end everything will be properly adjusted.

*A Canadian Officer.*

## SELECTED VERSE.

*From British and United States Periodicals.*

### MEMORIES OF HIM.

THERE are such memories of him  
About the place, my eyes grow dim  
With sudden tears whene'er I see  
The mischief that he made for me—  
The band torn from my newest hat,  
And leaves from Shakespeare on the mat.

Such memories of him abound !  
With tears and smiles I glance around  
The littered room, strewn with his toys,  
But no more echoing with the noise  
Of his dear feet. Where was the art  
Wherewith he climbed straight to my heart !

His mother's sweet geraniums tossed  
And tumbled, all their beauty lost,  
And here an album out of place,  
And there a sadly broken vase,  
And there the sorrowing sunlight shines  
Through tousled morning-glory vines.

Would he were here, with his sweet looks !  
He might have all my dearest books  
To tear in tatters—Shakespeare, all,  
For just his lightest footstep's fall ;  
For what is Shakespeare to the kiss  
And clinging of the one I miss ?

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

### JACK'S PLOUGHING.

Out in the field in the sunshiny weather  
Jack and the farm boy are ploughing together.  
The dandelions in bloom by the wall  
Twinkle gayly at Jack ; and the robins call  
From the apple-tree boughs, " Ho, Jack !  
Look here ! "

While the chipmunks are chattering, " Come,  
Jack, my dear ! "

But Jack keeps on with his ploughing.

The plough is high, and the dimpled hands  
Must reach for the handles, 'twixt which he  
stands.

The south wind lifts the loose brown rings  
'Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings,  
And kisses the lips pressed tightly together,  
When out in the field in the sunshiny weather  
Jack lends a hand with the ploughing.

Up and down the long furrows brown  
He manfully trudges, a tiny frown  
On the smooth broad brow, so earnest is he.  
" We has such lots of work to do, Jim, hasn't  
we ? "

If I didn't help you, now what would you do ? "  
Says Jim, " Master Jack, if it wasn't for you  
I'd never be done with the ploughing. "

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze  
Scarce stirs the boughs of the apple-trees.  
The soft earth clings to the moist little hands,  
When, at last, at the end of a furrow, he stands  
And looks toward home. " My mamma, I  
guess,  
Will be 'fraid 'thout a man in the house unless  
I did come home from ploughing. "

Such a dirty boy as runs home at last !  
Such a dirty boy ! but mamma holds him fast,  
And kisses the dimples that come and go  
And he tells of the morning's fun, till lo !  
The white lids droop o'er the eyes of brown,  
And in the meadows of Slumber-town  
Jack still goes on with his ploughing.

—*Mabelle P. Clapp.*

### SONG.

The storm is dying with the day,  
And crimson fringes fret the gray ;  
The shifting clouds show lakes of blue,  
And in the West the sun looks through.

Listen, through all the woods is plain  
The music of melodious rain,  
And from the oak the blackbird's psalm  
Hushes the weeping woods to calm.

O Nature, whom thy children trust,  
Mother of myriads it is just !  
My grief has had thy tears awhile,  
Smile now for others who can smile !

—*Francis W. Bourdillon.*

### THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS.

*From The Cornhill Magazine.*

Monsieur the Curé down the street  
Comes with his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling  
hair,  
And his green umbrella case.

You may see him pass by the little " Grande-  
Place,"  
And the tiny, " Hotel-de-Ville " ;  
He smiles as he goes to the fleuriste Rose,  
And the pompier Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the " Marché "  
cool,  
Where the noisy fishwives call ;  
And his compliment pays to the " belle  
Thérèse,"  
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,  
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,  
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes  
In his tails for a "pain d'épice."

There's a little dispute with a merchant of  
fruit,  
Who is said to be heterodox,  
That will ended be with a "Ma foi, oui!"  
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard  
To the furrier's daughter, too;  
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,  
And a "Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu!"

But a grander way for the Sous-Préfet,  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;  
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,  
And a nod to the Sacristan;

Forever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling  
hair,  
And his green umbrella case.

—Austin Dobson.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW.

*From The Atlantic Monthly.*

The life of man  
Is an arrow's flight,  
Out of darkness  
Into light,  
And out of light  
Into darkness again;  
Perhaps to pleasure,  
Perhaps to pain!

There must be Something,  
Above, or below;  
Somewhere unseen,  
A mighty Bow,  
A Hand that tires not,  
A sleepless Eye  
That sees the arrows  
Fly, and fly;  
One who knows  
Why we live—and die.

—Richard Henry Stoddart.

MY COMPANION.

Weary, O Father, weary and long,  
And steep and stony was the way,  
Without a sound of happy song  
To cheer me through the dreary day!

Until You sent this weakling maid  
To journey upward by my side—  
So fair, so frail and so afraid,  
This maid You sent to be my bride.

Now have I lost all sense of fear,  
In guarding her up to the height;  
And all the way seems broad and clear,  
And all the woods are full of light.

And, though I perish by the way,  
She yet will win the height alone  
To hail the everlasting day,  
And pray for me before Thy throne.

—Tom Hall.

A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER.

Upon this old daguerreotype appears  
Thy face, my Mother, crowned with won-  
drous hair.

What reconciliation in thine air;  
And what a saintly smile, as if thy fears  
The Lord had taken from thee, and thy tears!  
'Tis my delight to still believe thee fair;  
And thou wast loved, I know, for often  
here,

I saw my Father's eyes, at eighty years,  
O'erflow with love whene'er we spoke of  
thee—

We spoke of thee, I said, not he—not he!—  
He could not speak! . . . O peace be  
with thee, then

Madonna like, thy babe upon thy knee!  
My gentle Mother, lost on earth to me,  
Shall I not know thee somewhere once  
again?

—Lloyd Mifflin.

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

She left her home in the starry ways,  
And reached our arms in the April days.  
We thought to keep her and hold her here,  
And our little girl we called the dear.

One pleasant eve when the sun had dipped  
Out of our sight, and the stars had slipped  
Silently back to their wonted ways,  
She turned her face with a wistful gaze

Up to the blue of the arching skies;  
We knew by the look in her pretty eyes  
And the smile that brightened her small face so,  
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss we dropped on her curly head,  
"Sweet little heart, good-bye," we said;  
Then unafraid, tho' the way was dim,  
God's little girl went back to Him.

—Bertha Gerneaux Davis.

THE THREATENED RAIN.

I kissed her and two roses red  
O'er her white cheeks their crimson spread,  
As spreads the rosy light of dawn  
The snowy hills of winter on.

And then I saw her soft blue eyes  
Begin to cloud as April skies;  
And so, to stop the threatened rain,  
I kissed the trembling thing again.

—Lee Fairchild

## FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

*A Review of his Poetry by the Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.*

THREE volumes due to Frederick George Scott are to be found in verse form. The first appeared in 1888 and is entitled, "The Soul's Quest and other Poems;" the second appeared in 1894, "My Lattice and other Poems;" while the third is entitled, "The Unnamed Lake and other Poems," and has appeared only within the last few months. The first of these volumes was published in England and is reported as out of print; the other two have been published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Speaking generally, we may say of the volumes that they contain much vigorous and musical work. Anyone who knows the author will know that he is a spontaneous writer, that he sings because he must, and that he has a mission and a message. Mr. Scott belongs to a Montreal family, being a son of the late Dr. Scott. His University course was taken at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, under the late Dr. Lobley, and Lennoxville has always been appreciative of Mr. Scott's poetical work and has been proud to call him "her poet." We think the volumes before us show not only good performance, but also the promise that the best has not yet been reached. There are touches in the third volume which are finer than any in the first two. The poems of Mr. Scott will bear being read more than once, they will also bear being read aloud; and this is no slight strain or test of the quality of verses.

Let us take up the volumes one by one. The volume of 1888 begins with an inscription which is as poetical as any part of the works to which it is a preface. He says of his poems that they are a "long-loved handful" of flowers. Some gay,

"Sparkling with joy and the bright sun of hope."

And others are sad :

"Dipped in the crimson of the setting sun."

"But each has sprung  
From the warm life-blood throbbing in my heart."

Perhaps the sad and the serious notes predominate. The "Soul's Quest" describes the pilgrimage of a soul which is apparently burdened beyond endurance by the present; for this soul seeks "to-morrow and yesterday." Repentance for the past and improvement for the future, both are suggested by the spiritual discontent with the present and actual. The form of the poem is in three-lined stanzas, with one rhyme only for each stanza. Thus :

"Her face is pale, her feet are bare,  
Her sad, dark eyes, wide open, stare  
At the glimmering darkness everywhere."

And again :

"Her tread is light on the cold, hard road ;  
For the tread may be light, yet heavy the load,  
Of grief at the heart and thoughts that goad."

It is suggested to the wandering soul in the second part that in religion alone is consolation to be found both in thought and act ; but this solution is not accepted at first.

"A voice in her heart has locked the spell."

It is not till the wanderer finds in her own pathway the Cross of Christ, that she finds rest.

"In the dim twilight as she stood,  
She saw the marks of Jesus' blood,  
Then stooped and kissed the Holy rood."

After this she is attracted to the religious life, and works out her salvation in the present with holy deed and prayer, the true fruit of faith, and thus she finds "to-morrow and yesterday." So her life rounds into a consistent whole, of which the keynote is self-sacrifice. The story is told in a clear and simple strain. The life of contemplation and activity is attractively indicated, and the atmosphere of the religious house,

doubtless idealized, but not idealized above the possibility of realization, suggests to us that it is not needful always to go "beyond these earthly voices" to find peace.

The next poem, in blank verse, is one of the longer pieces of the author. "Justin," is the title. It is the story of a man who, from doubt and unsettlement of mind, finds his way to the consolations and strength given by the realization of the Christian faith. Mr. Scott is a Christian teacher, both in his verse and in his daily profession, that of an Anglican priest. Some who talk of art for art's sake would perhaps decide that he is too fond of sermons in verse, but we do not think his presentation of that which appears to him the highest truth is other than artistic, because his earnestness leads him to proclaim a truth which upraises his characters and leads them to a trustful and harmonious existence. There are very few lines in "Justin" which do not combine vigour and smoothness. Before reaching religion's solution of life, the youth tries in vain to find satisfaction in philosophy and in art, of which music is given as a type. The climax is thus indicated:

"Oh man in God, that bringest God to men,  
Oh God in man, that liftest man to God."

If Mr. Scott is an orthodox Anglican of a pronounced type, he must also be classed as belonging to the Broad Wing of the High Anglicans. He has much to say on the subject of evolution, the main idea of which he seems frankly to accept.

One poem in this first volume is named "Evolution." Speaking of the soul and its yearnings for immortality and its varied powers, he asks:

"If this strange power were meant to sink  
Back into a chaos or be lost,  
Or cast off as a broken link,  
Or die, like wave along the coast!

Not that God's way. On—ever on  
To nobler, purer, higher things;  
From out the ages that are gone  
Each newer, grander era springs.

So nought is lost, but all must pass,  
And life through varied stages move;  
From the pale fungus in the grass  
To deepest depths of light and love."

Passing over shorter pieces, one of which is in memory of those killed in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and another the cry of the dying Indian race, as a Jubilee hymn of 1887 to the Queen; we come across some admirable sonnets, that on Shakespeare being, perhaps, the finest. In one technical respect there is a departure from the arrangement of rhyme which is canonical in sonnets. Apart from the question of rhyme, the sonnet is very strong; we give it entire:

"Unseen in the great minster dome of time,  
Whose shafts are centuries, its spangled  
roof  
The vaulted Universe, our Master sits,  
And organ-voices like a far off chime  
Roll thro' the aisles of thought. The sunlight  
flits  
From arch to arch, and, as he sits aloof,  
Kings, heroes, priests in concourse vast, sub-  
lime,  
Glances of love, and cries from battlefield,  
His wizard power breathes on the living air.  
Warm faces gleam and pass, child, woman,  
man,  
In the long multitude; but he, concealed,  
Our bard eludes us; vainly each face we scan,  
It is not he; his features are not there;  
But, being thus hid, his greatness is reveal-  
ed."

The sonnets on "Truth," and "At Madame Tussaud's," are also very suggestive; the observer had taken several wax figures

"With clockwork breast, and face of mimic  
clay,"

for real; then he takes all the real men and women for wax in violent reaction:

"So in this age, methinks, when in the light  
Of fuller knowledge, forms that men have  
reared  
And worshipped, turn to dust, too hasty  
youths,  
Shunning the whirlpool jaws of credulous  
sight,  
Rush towards a Scylla far more to be feared,  
And take for shadows all too living truths."

We now pass to the second volume, which, on the whole, we consider the strongest; more virile and uniformly good than the first, less imitative, less of the exercise and more of the independent opinion, also containing more sustained efforts than the third.

The title of the second volume is



"My Lattice." The writer looks through the square opening of his casement and lets his thoughts flow through that opening into remotest space. The flow and rhythm remind us of "The Brook" in its clearness and simplicity. Here are a few examples :

" My lattice looks upon the north  
The winds are cool that enter  
At night I see the stars come forth,  
Arcturus in the centre.

The curtain down my casement drawn  
Is dewy mist, which lingers  
Until my maid, the rosy dawn,  
Uplifts it with her fingers.

The sparrows are my matin bell,  
Each day my heart rejoices,  
When from the trellis where they dwell,  
They call me with their voices.

Then as I dream with half-shut eye,  
Without a sound or motion,  
To me that little square of sky  
Becomes a boundless ocean.

And straight my soul unfurls its sails,  
That blue sky-sea to sever,  
My fancies are the noiseless gales  
That waft it on forever."

In "Viâ Mortis" we have a thoughtful meditation on the mighty who have passed away : the poet describes himself as approaching in the process of time towards those who have gone before.

" To you my life stream courses on its way  
Through margin shallows of the eternal deep."

The following is one of the stanzas of the poem :

" But ye are there, ingathered in the realm  
Where tongueless spirits speak from heart  
to heart,  
And eyeless mariners without a helm  
Steer down the seas where ever close and  
part  
The windless clouds : and all ye know is  
this,  
Ye are not as ye were in pain or bliss,  
But a strange numbness doth all thought  
o'erwhelm."

We must not forget to note "Samson," a very vigorous and concentrated poem on the Hebrew hero of that name. The London *Speaker*, a weekly whose literary articles are regarded with much attention, has very high praise for this poem, regarding it

as one of the author's best : "These are splendid verses, and this is probably the best American poem for many years." By American we suppose is meant written on the continent of America. The poem is strong in dramatic force, as in these lines :

" From the woman at my side  
Was I, woman-like, to hide  
What she asked me, as if fear  
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned, and scorn again,  
Cowards who their tongues restrain ;  
Cared I no more for thy laws  
Than a wind for scattered straws."

And at the end,

" Give me back for one blind hour  
Half my former rage and power,  
And some giant crisis send  
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show !  
Crush him in the overthrow  
At whose life they scorn and point,  
By its greatness out of joint."

Another strong poem, and one of the longer ones in the same volume, is "Thor," a very excellent piece of metre in stanzas of five lines each :

" Fearful the face of the god,  
Stubborn with sense of his power;  
The seas would roll back at his nod,  
And the thunder-voiced thunder-clouds  
lower,  
While the lightning he broke as a rod."

The poem describes the enchantment of the strong Thor by the Moonlady : the vigorous soldier is kept away from his duty by feminine allurements : he follows pleasure rather than his true work, and is lost to the cause of right. Balder the fair, "the purest of gods by the throne," "whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure," like the Galahad of Arthurian romance, undertakes to bring Thor back to a sense of his position as a god by shaming and stinging him into action.

The "Frenzy of Prometheus" is a bold piece of imagery, full of rebellious passion. Addressing the sun, he concludes in these lines :

" Go on thy way, spent power, leave me here  
To reign in silence, rave and scorn and  
hate,

To glory in my strength, tear down the  
 skies,  
 Trample the crumbling mountains under  
 foot,  
 Laugh at the tingling stars, burn with desire  
 unconquerable, till the universe  
 Is shattered at the core, its splinters flung  
 By force centrifugal beyond the light.  
 Until the spent stars from their orbits reel,  
 And hissing down the flaming steps of  
 space,  
 With voice of fire proclaim me God alone."

"The Abbot" is the weird story of a  
 man who died in mortal sin (suicide)  
 in order to save a lost soul: he con-  
 fides his purpose to a youth, who by  
 and bye dies an old monk and asks to  
 be buried in the unconsecrated spot in  
 which the suicide had been laid.

"Out in that spot my grave be set,  
 Marked by wood violet;  
 No man can judge another's sin:  
 Man judges by the outer life,  
 God by the inner strife.  
 Out there the forest tree-roots creep  
 Round one sad heart's forgotten sleep,  
 A heart which broke in giving all  
 To save a soul from thrall."

The next considerable poem in this  
 volume is "Dion," being the history  
 of the famous patriot of Syracuse.  
 After twice delivering the people of  
 that city from the tyrant Dionysius,  
 because of his own severity of manner  
 and rule and because of his reforms,  
 Dion becomes unpopular and is con-  
 spirated against by youths, who are  
 obliged to send for a sword to  
 despatch the aged patriot.

"And think ye I am one whom ye can slay  
 By throttling, as an outcast slays her  
 child,  
 Pinching the life out of its tiny throat?  
 Not this shall be my death, for I am royal,  
 And I must royally die. Go fetch a sword  
 And I shall wed it nobly like a king."

Again:

"But he so loved his Syracuse that she,  
 Crowned sick of his great heart, let out its red  
 Upon the pebbles of her streets, and cried:  
 'Mine own hands slew him, for he loved too  
 much.'"

In his tone and spirit Dion reminds  
 us of Ulysses:

"Farewell, life's toilsome warfare. Like a  
 king,  
 Great gods, receive me into bliss or woe,  
 Which e'er your land affordeth."

These words remind us of such lines  
 as these:

"It may be that the deeps will wash us down,  
 It may be we shall reach the happy isles."

Perhaps the man Dion reaches a  
 higher level than Ulysses when the  
 former goes on to say:

"Set my throne  
 Among the company of those who strove  
 To mount by inner conquest, not by blood."

The two mistresses, "Wrong and  
 Right," is a pretty conceit, well worked  
 out:

"Right hath the sweeter grace,  
 But Wrong the prettier face."

"In the Woods" is a sweet little  
 ode, reminding us in tone and quality  
 of "My Lattice." The first of the  
 four stanzas is as follows:

"This is God's house—the blue sky is the  
 ceiling,  
 This wood the soft green carpet for His  
 feet,  
 Those hills His stairs, down which the  
 brooks come stealing  
 With baby laughter, making earth more  
 sweet."

Scott is not only a religious poet;  
 he is also the singer of pure and happy  
 married life. In the sonnet, "To My  
 Wife," he says:

"I hope no hope but what thyself has sought,  
 Thou lovest not, my lady, in the wife,  
 The golden love-light of our earlier days;  
 Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,  
 Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my  
 life,  
 Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and  
 praise,  
 Yet are they nought to what thy knight  
 hath won."

Other good sonnets are "Columbus"  
 and "Solomon." The last six lines of  
 the latter leave little, if anything, to be  
 desired in expressing what they are  
 meant to express.

"His heart hath drained earth's pleasures to  
 the lees,  
 Hath quivered with life's finest ecstasies,  
 Till now some power reveals as in a glass  
 The soul's unrest and death's dark mys-  
 teries,  
 And down the courts the scared slaves  
 watch him pass,  
 Reiterating 'Omnia Vanitas.'"

It is perhaps because Mr. Scott has  
 during the last two or three years

transferred his sphere of work from a scattered country parish to a large city church that he has not found time in the third volume to give us any sustained flight. Perhaps in delicacy of expression and richness of fancy the third volume is even superior to the second. If the rhythm and quality of "The Lattice" reminds us of Tennyson's "Brook," the title piece of volume three, "The Unnamed Lake," reminds us unmistakably of Wordsworth. We do not attribute conscious imitation to Mr. Scott, but we venture to think that had "The Unnamed Lake" appeared anonymously in 1837, instead of appearing in 1897, it would have been at once attributed to Wordsworth. There is perhaps not only the simplicity of Wordsworth, but also in the last verse a little drop into the prosaic, which was a frequent defect in that poet.

"Through tangled brush and dewy brake  
Returning whence we came,  
We passed in silence, and the lake  
We left without a name."

These verses are better :

"Great mountains tower above its shore,  
Green rushes fringe its brim,  
And o'er its breast for evermore  
The wanton breezes skim."

"Dark clouds that intercept the sun,  
Go there in spring to weep,  
And there, when autumn days are done,  
White mists lie down to sleep."

In "A Dream of the Prehistoric,"

we have strong evolution doctrine proclaimed again :

"And with tears almost human the mother  
looked down at the babe on her breast.  
And her pain was the germ of our love, and  
her cry was the root of our speech."

And again :

"And here in the aftertimes, Man, the white-  
faced and smooth-handed, came by,  
And he built him a city to dwell in and temples  
of prayer to his God ;  
He filled it with music and beauty, his spirit  
aspired to the sky,  
While the dead, by whose pain it was fashion-  
ed, lay under the ground that he trod."

Space will not admit of further quotation, but the following lines are full of the true spirit of poetry, and these lines show this Canadian poet at his best, near to the ideal which he sets for himself :

EOTHEN.

"The immortal spirit hath no bars  
To circumscribe its dwelling-place ;  
My soul hath pastured with the stars  
Upon the meadow lands of space.  
My mind and ear at times have caught,  
From realms beyond our mortal reach,  
The utterance of eternal thought,  
Of which all nature is the speech.  
And high above the seas and lands,  
On peaks just tipped with morning light  
My dauntless spirit mutely stands  
With eagle wings outspread for flight."

"The Song of Triumph" is a splendid piece of alliterative rhythm, and the sonnets are, as before, sinewy, full of body, and of manly and varied thought.

Thomas Adams.



## COMMENT ON THE WAR.

HOW WAR WAS DECLARED.

(Literary Digest, N.Y.)

MINISTER WOODFORD informed our State Department, April 21st, that the Spanish Government had notified him (Senor Polo having withdrawn from Washington) that diplomatic negotiations were at an end, and that this notification reached him before he had an opportunity to make formal presentation of the ultimatum forwarded by this Government. Thereupon he received his passports, and our State Department announced that further diplomatic action on the part of the United States was rendered unnecessary. On the same date a semi-official note was issued in Madrid.

The time limit of our ultimatum did not expire until two days later, April 23rd. But accepting the attitude of Spain as equivalent to a declaration of war, the President issued a proclamation of blockade for Cuba, April 22nd. The United States navy signalized the opening of hostilities by capturing a Spanish merchant ship, and on April 23rd the President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers.

On April 24th the *Gaceta Oficial*, Madrid, printed a proclamation by the Spanish Government declaring that "a state of war exists" between Spain and the United States, and announcing that the treaty of 1795, the protocol of 1877, and all other conventions "are null and void."

In a brief message, April 25th, President McKinley reviewed the developments since the enactment of the Congressional resolutions, April 20th, calling "for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect," and asked Congress for a formal declaration of war, which was promptly given in the following form: "A bill declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. Be it enacted, etc. (1). That war be, and the same is hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. (2). That the President of the United States be and is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into active service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry this into effect."

TOO GREAT A HURRY.

(Journal of Commerce, N.Y.)

If we turn to the Congressional steps which have hurried us into the present situation, we find scarcely an incident that we can contemplate with national pride, or that offers promise for the future. The war party in Congress has been made up mainly of the political elements whose only influence is injurious, the enemies of public credit, the violent partisans, the political tricksters, the men of noise rather than reflection, the demagogues, all these have been for war and fearful lest war might be averted and Cuban freedom secured without. All measures of preparation for war they oppose or treat with indifference. It is impossible to use language too strong in denouncing the extremists in Congress, not so much for trying to drag the country into war as for their criminal indifference to the preparation necessary for war. Yet this sombre view does not do justice to the situation as a whole. We have seen no evidence of eagerness for war on the part of the people; we have seen little more than a cheerful determination to support the Government heartily if it involved the country in war, and with this there is a widespread doubt about the necessity of our imposing demands that can hardly be expected to fail of causing war.

UNJUST AND UNFAIR.

(Goldwin Smith, in Weekly Sun.)

The President was evidently for peace,



REAR-ADMIRAL DEWEY, U.S.N.



FROM THE TORONTO "WORLD."

"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON."

MR. BULL.—W'y bless my 'cart, Sammy, if you're not growin' more like your hold dad bevery day—specially in the matter of happeite, my boy, specially in the matter of happeite.

though he had not force enough to hold his own and win for himself in the future a genuine crown. The war has been made by Congressional fire-eaters, who, in the midst of a debate on the Cuban question, fought like dogs on the floor of the House; and by Pulitzer and his colleagues in the sensation press, whose object is an extended circulation. Pulitzer's chief rival actually offered a large bribe to anyone who would fabricate for him evidence that the *Maine* had been blown up by the Spanish Government.

The Liberal Government of Sagasta offered an armistice, facilities for the relief of the Reconcentrados, a measure of self-government for Cuba on the Canadian scale, and submission of the case of the *Maine* to impartial arbitration. Why was not that offer fairly considered? Why was it met only with a peremptory summons to Spain to haul down her flag, which, if she had a drop of Castilian blood left in her veins, was war? That is a question to which a plain answer is required, if we are to judge rightly in this cause. Does anybody believe that the Spanish overtures would have been treated as they were, if Spain had been the equal in strength of the United States?

## ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

(The Daily Globe, Toronto.)

The statesmen of Great Britain appear to be indifferent to the fact that their course is building up a powerful rival in a sphere where British influence is now paramount, or, rather, they seem to have deliberately accepted that result, staking much on the probability that the United States will be a friendly power. Two reasons may be assigned for this course. One is that the food supply of the British Islands comes so largely from the United States and from the rest of this continent and is likely to do so for a long period. Another may be that the desire of the people of Great Britain is to draw away from European politics and to find friendships in another quarter. There is little doubt that the people were profoundly disgusted with the proceedings of the "European Concert" and with the enforced inaction of Great Britain during the Armenian butcheries. American newspapers and politicians have tried British patience to the breaking point, but they have never succeeded in destroying the desire for a British-American alliance, and the faith that in a case like that of Armenia the sympathies of the British and American people

would be on the side of the oppressed. The justification for intervention is not nearly as strong in the case of Cuba as in that of Armenia; but it is probable that the common feeling among the people of the British islands is that the cause is virtually the same.

American sentiment now seems to favour an alliance or a good understanding with Great Britain, and sentiment is the only factor that has hitherto been wanting. The substantial advantages of such an understanding are apparent. A British-American alliance so far as North America is concerned would be, in all human probability, invincible; the coasts of the United States and of Canada would be secure from attack by almost any conceivable combination of enemies, and the continuance of the commerce of the Atlantic would be virtually assured. Along the Pacific coast of Asia the combination, if not invincible, would be exceedingly powerful. For instance, even in the present state of the American navy it is difficult to conceive of any combination of European powers parcelling out the Philippine Islands among themselves in defiance of the wishes of Great Britain and the United States.



## THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

(Harper's Weekly, N.Y.)

Commodore George Dewey, who will go into history as author and executant of the first great stroke of the war with Spain, was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on December 26th, 1837. He came of the best New England stock, his father being Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, one of the first authorities on life insurance in his day, and a man held in high esteem in the business community. At the age of seventeen, after a preparatory course in the Northfield Military School, young Dewey was appointed a cadet at Annapolis, in the class which was graduated in 1858. A practice cruise on the Wabash followed, and he was resting at home when the Civil War broke out. At once he was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to the *Mississippi*, a seventeen-gun steam-sloop of the old side-wheel type, under Commander Melancthon Smith. His first serious taste of war was when the West Gulf squadron, early in 1862, forced a passage up the Mississippi ahead of Farragut. How exciting this expedition was at times may be judged from the fact that in passing St. Philip the ship was so near the shore that the gunners aboard her and the Confederate artillery in the fortifications exchanged oaths as they discharged their volleys at each other.

A later enterprise on the same river resulted in the grounding of the *Mississippi* in the middle of the night, opposite Port Hudson, where she was riddled with shot and set afire by the enemy's batteries, so that officers and crew had to abandon her, and make their way, as best they could, to the other shore before the flames reached her magazine and she exploded. One of the crew recalls an order given by Dewey that night after the white-washing of the decks. The gunners were thus able to see to do their work, for until the ship was fired all lights were forbidden, the plan being to slip past the forts without being discovered. This reminiscence is of special interest now, in view of the way Dewey made his entrance into the harbour at Manila in the darkness a fortnight ago. . . .

On reaching his Captaincy in 1884 he took charge of the *Dolphin*—one of the first vessels



FROM THE TORONTO "TELEGRAM."

IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

UNCLE SAM—"Hi there, Nelse, get off the perch. I want that pedestal for my own boy, Dewey."

of the "new navy." From 1885 to 1888 he commanded the *Pensacola* then flag-ship of the European squadron; and this service was followed by a shore duty of considerable length, in the course of which he served as chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department, and afterward on the Light-house Board for the second time. Two years ago he was promoted to be a Commodore and made head of the Inspection Board; and at the beginning of the present year he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, and the chance to distinguish himself which he has so brilliantly improved.



MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Number of islands, over 400.

Area, 116,000 square miles.

Estimated population, 7,500,000.

Chief products: hemp, sugar, coffee, copra, tobacco, and indigo.

Exports in 1893 amounted to \$30,500,000, of which sugar furnished \$18,000,000 and hemp \$10,000,000. Imports in 1893 amounted to \$25,000,000, chief imports being rice, flour, wines, dress, petroleum, and coal.

Chief islands, two in number, Luzon and Mindanao.

Luzon: area, 40,024 square miles; population, about 4,500,000.

Mindanao: area, 36,000 square miles; population, 732,800.

Manila, chief city and capital of the Philippine Islands; population, (1887), 154,062.

#### MILITARISM IN AMERICA.

(Goldwin Smith, in Weekly Sun.)

Militarism everywhere rides rampant. We had hoped that it had been excluded from this continent, and that here, at all events, protective industry was to be honoured above the art of destruction; that labour was to eat the bread it earned untolled by the ambition of kings; and that the object of government was not to be aggrandizement, but the material

welfare of the people. But now, behold an outbreak of militarism as violent as any in the old world, and springing in no small measure from a lurking desire to show off to the old world, and make it pay homage to the military greatness of the United States. The god of the hour is a commander who has destroyed a squadron and its crews by a cannonade at long range, going to breakfast, we are told, in the middle of his sport. Homage is paid to him such as would not be paid to a great benefactor of mankind. The war fever rages without limit; the organs of opinion breathe aggrandizement; increase of armaments is called for on all sides. Washington's counsels of moderation are spurned as obsolete, and the new world seems bent on vying with the madness of the Old World as are the victories gained over a foe so weak as to be almost helpless, military ambition is, of course, excited, and will seek to open for itself new fields.

How long will this last, and how far will it go? These are serious and interesting questions, not for the Americans only, but for the world at large. Will the people of the United States discard Washington's counsels, follow the lure which Olney and other aspiring politicians hold out, determine to take their place as one of the great powers, and henceforth to maintain large armaments in support of that pretention? To answer

that question positively at present would be rash, but the negative answer is the more likely to prove true. In those regions of sensational excitement and varying impulse such waterspouts of opinion as the present form suddenly, and as suddenly break. When the war is over, when the ovations are ended, when the fireworks are burnt out, when the bill comes in, when the new pension list is filled, the sober sense, which at present is in a state of suppression, may again assert itself, and other counsels may prevail.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE prevailing impression in this country and in Europe seems to be that the United States has captured the Philippine Islands from the Spaniards. True it is that the United States' Pacific fleet has destroyed the miserable Spanish fleet in the harbour of Manila and captured Cavite, an outlying fort of that Spanish city; but this is no reason for saying that the United States has taken possession of the Philippines. If the same United States' fleet had destroyed the British Pacific fleet and taken possession of Esquimaux, we would not be led into saying that the United States had taken possession of Canada. Rear Admiral Dewey has possession of about one square mile of Philippine territory out of 116,000 square miles. He has killed or wounded a thousand men out of a population of seven million and a half. The greater part of this population is native, of course, and in a state of revolt against Spanish authority. But when the United States has driven out the Spaniards—and that will be no easy task—it will then have to reckon with the natives. What opposition the latter will offer is enigmatical.

Therefore, it is rather early for the United States to make plans for the governing of these islands, or for the trading of them to some European power in exchange for some American possession. It would almost seem useless to speculate as to their disposition until the United States forces have made more headway and until the attitude of Russia and Japan is determined. If Japan looked unfavourably on the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, what will she think of the annexation of the Philippines? She may not object to a temporary occupation, but a permanent acquisition is a different thing. There is considerable history to be made before the United States becomes the recognized owner

of an Eastern Empire, comprising over four hundred islands.

The rich and pedigreed men of the United States do not seem to be behind their more lowly brother-citizens in their anxiety to go to the front in this war. Theodore Roosevelt, who is a fairly rich man, is organizing a body of "Rough Riders," and two score of his men are gay New Yorkers. William Tiffany, one of these, is a grand-nephew of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame. John Jacob Astor desired to raise a regiment but had to be content with an Inspector-Generalship with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. William Astor Chanler had a similar ambition, but has been made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of captain. Charles A. Whittier, a general during the Civil War, and the father-in-law of a Russian Prince, has received a position similar to Mr. Astor's. Rufus Hatch, son of the famous financier who played the game with Jay Gould and Russel Sage, is an orderly in the Michigan militia. O. H. P. Belmont offered to build and equip a dynamite torpedo boat if he were made her commander; but, in spite of the fact that he is a graduate of the Naval Academy of Annapolis, and has served two years in the navy, the United States Government has refused the offer.

Such desires on the part of men with wealth or ancestry indicate the strength which the United States nation may develop. The oldest families cannot trace their republican family lineage beyond 1776, whereas, the oldest families in Europe have a history which covers five times that number of years. Nevertheless, the pride of ancestry, which is so strong a factor in preserving the stability and dignity of the European nations, is growing rapidly in the United States. In another hundred years it will have a wonderful effect on the national life. It is already

having an effect, and it will do much during the coming century to infuse into the young republic that spirit of conservatism which prevents or crushes schism and revolution. With an aristocracy possessing birth, culture and wealth, the United States will be a country more noted for honour, dignity and common sense than it is at present.

Canada has a lesson to learn in the present position of Italy. The kingdom was founded thirty-seven years ago in a blaze of hope and glory, and immediately took her place among the first powers of Europe. Railroads were built all over the kingdom, even into desolate and arid provinces where little return could be expected. An army, a navy, a court and all the glittering ornaments of a modern nation were maintained at an enormous cost. Luxuries and extravagances of all kinds were indulged in, until it took one-half of the Italian revenue to pay the interest on the national debt, and nearly another half to keep up the army and the navy. Taxation has grown so high that about forty to sixty per cent. of a man's income goes to the government. Further, there are five dialects spoken in the kingdom, and those who know one dialect very seldom have sufficient education to speak the others. Intercourse is thus limited, and unity of thought and feeling prevented. Marion Crawford, the novelist, an authority on Italy, says that the members of parliament are divided into three equal classes—those devotedly loyal, those selfishly ambitious and those cynically corrupt. Extravagance, corruption and high taxation have again caused revolts in various portions of the kingdom. Milan seems to be the worst city in that respect. There seems to be little danger, however, that King Humbert's throne will be overthrown.

The annual Mining Review for 1897, issued by E. D. Miles & Co., mining agents, Charters Towers, Queensland, is a valuable document. Some of the information may be interesting to those

Canadians who are interested in mines. The approximate value of the bullion produced last year was \$5,000,000, the cyanide process having made a wonderful difference as compared with previous years. The "Brilliant" paid over \$700,000 in dividends and the "Day Dawn" over \$400,000. These were the two best mines. The output of bullion for 1898 is estimated at \$6,500,000, and the profit at half a million sterling.

One very striking part of the report is the table showing the profit or loss on investments from January, 1897, to January, 1898. Seventeen of the companies paid dividends running from 460 per cent. (Moonstone Consols) to as low as 5 per cent., while exactly the same number of companies show a loss from ninety per cent down. The chances of mining investments in Queensland are thus about even. For every man who wins another loses. If it is true, as the American commercial agencies claim, that only five per cent. of the men who engage in business are successful, then mining in Queensland must be a rather good business. Mining on this continent would scarcely make as good a showing. Mr. Ogilvie has ventured the assertion that out of every ten men who go to the Klondike this year only one will be successful.

The Australasians are still considering the Federal Bill, of which no complete copy has yet come to hand. It provides for the federation of the postal and telegraph, defences, coastal lighting and quarantine; the Federal control of trade and commerce, and the levying of custom and excise duties; uniform duties must be imposed within two years; the Commonwealth will credit revenue, debit expenditure and pay the balances to the States; the Federal expenses shall not be greater than one-fourth of the gross receipts; there shall be one-man-one-vote; two houses; Senators, six years; Representatives, three years; not more than seven Federal Ministers; a High Court of Australia (like our Supreme Court); both houses are liable to be dissolved

for the verdict of the people on their procedure (how the opponents of our Senate would like that—before the verdict at least !); a national market for national products ; State debts may be federalized ; the people may amend the constitution ; women may vote in any State which so decrees.

For twenty-five years they have been discussing this movement in Australasia. Now they have a Bill, and soon they will have a decision. As the *Australian Reviews of Reviews* says : "To reject the Federal Bill is to dismiss federation itself from the political horizon for at least a generation." The convention which drafted the Bill consisted of ten men from each of the five colonies, and the sittings were held at Melbourne.

British statesmen seem to have a penchant for making great speeches. On April 29th, in reply to an attack on the government's foreign policy by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour made an important and lengthy reply which attracted a great deal of attention. Then, on May 4th, Lord Salisbury addressed a great meeting of the Primrose League, at Albert Hall, and took occasion to review the domestic policy of the British Government during the past fifteen years and also the recent foreign developments. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, not to be outdone by the great nephew and the greater uncle, did, on May 13th, make and deliver another great speech in which he advocated an Anglo-Saxon Alliance. Such speeches could not be made nor delivered by Canadian statesmen because they have no such questions of world-wide interest to consider. The problems with which our statesmen deal are very small compared with the problems dealt with at the centre of the Empire, and, perhaps, that is the reason why Canada has two or less great statesmen.

For some time the people of Great Britain have felt that the British Foreign Office was outwitted in China by the managers of the foreign affairs of Russia. The Czar's soldiers occupied

Port Arthur and the British people did not like it. In their addresses, Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury attempted to prove that the withdrawal from Port Arthur was not humiliating, and that the occupation of Wei-Hai-Wei was an equal advantage. Russia took Port Arthur—a possession which the British public over-estimated ; Great Britain received Wei-Hai-Wei—a possession which the British public under-estimated. This was their statement, and if it is true there is no ground for complaint. *The Times* is not fully convinced, nor are the Conservative Government's political enemies. The Liberals have just redeemed the constituency of South Norfolk, showing that Liberalism is gaining ground among the people who have been deserters for some time. The nation is not, apparently, fully satisfied that the British Lion is snarling as much as he ought. The speech by Mr. Chamberlain will perhaps reassure it to some extent. He said that the time had arrived to enlarge the policy of a United Empire into a policy of a United Empire and a united Anglo-Saxon race. The British Empire and the United States would, if united, be able to successfully confront a combination of any opposing powers. He denied that the Government's policy was "weak and vacillating," but that Great Britain's honour and interests were being and would be firmly maintained. He claimed that it was one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy that at the present time there was a better understanding between the United States and Great Britain than had obtained at any time since 1776. Such an understanding would enable Great Britain to check Russian aggression in China, and French aggrandisement in West Africa.

This is a new note. Since the Crimean War, Great Britain has pursued a policy of non-alliance, of leaving all her doors open to the traders of the world instead of any one nation or set of nations. Russia is endeavouring to close Chinese ports ; France is en-



deavouring to close African ports; Spain and Austria are in sympathy with France and Russia. To oppose the possible combination of these forces, a United Empire would scarcely be sufficient, a united Anglo-Saxon race would be a much stronger opposition.

The people of the United States seem to regard this alliance as a desirability. They have similar interests in the freedom of trade—which is the pivot of the whole question. They feel that without Great Britain's sympathy the United States would soon have Germany and France aiding Spain in the present war. Whether they will continue to regard the alliance favourably after they have defeated Spain remains to be seen. They have been twisting the lion's tail for a long time, and whether they can deny themselves the amusement is an open question.

Canada would, undoubtedly, be greatly benefited by such an alliance between the English-speaking races. Friendship between Great Britain and the United States would mean more friendly relations between the two North American peoples. Of course we are friendly now, but we bother each other as much as we can, and we occasionally take the opportunity to dilate upon each other's mental and moral weaknesses. It would be better if we did not do this, and if London and Washington remain friendly we would soon cease such unneighbourly conduct.

If any person had prophesied twelve months ago that Great Britain and the United States would now be falling on each other's neck and saying that the other fellow's heart was right even if his conduct had not always been exemplary, that person would have been regarded as insane. But this is an age in which it is a decided mark of ignorance to exhibit surprise. To be a good prophet one should decide what he thinks will happen and then predict the exact opposite.

Looking forward beyond Mr. Chamberlain's announcement that Great Britain would favour an Anglo-Saxon

alliance, the question comes: "What next?" The first portion of the next political development would be the determination of the position of Germany and Japan. Germany is looking for alliances which will enable her to hold her foreign trade and her French conquests. With Russia, France and Spain united, Germany would naturally drift towards Great Britain. An enormous part of Germany's trade is with the British and the United Statesers. Moreover, she is more allied by speech and blood to these two peoples than to the Latin or Slav races. Japan, also, is looking to commercial development. If the ports of China remain open there will be a natural trade between the two countries. If Russia owned China, Japan would lose this commerce. Moreover, she would find herself just at the end of two of the prehensile arms of a great octopus, the head of which would resemble the Russian bear. Japan has everything to gain and nothing to lose by obtaining the friendship of the United States and of Great Britain. An alliance among Great Britain, Germany, the United States and Japan would not mean a general conflagration, but an extended peace.

This same Mr. Chamberlain who has so startled the world with his Anglo-Saxon proposal made a decided hit in the British House of Commons the other day on another subject. Some of the South African colonies, under the guidance of Cecil Rhodes, are offering a preference in their markets to British goods. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt interrogated the Government as to whether they intended that such a departure from Free Trade principles should be countenanced and encouraged. Mr. Chamberlain, in reply, suggested that South Africa was doing exactly what Sir Wilfrid Laurier had done in Canada, and Sir Wilfrid received as a reward the Cobden Medal. If the Cobden Club approved, it was not for Mr. Chamberlain to object! One can imagine the chagrin on the faces of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley!

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS issue contains some articles which should be of especial interest to Canadians at the present moment. "In case of War," by

**This Issue.**

Captain William Wood, points out some of the weaknesses of our present military position. It should do away with much of our senseless opposition to military expenditure. That on "The Canadian Heroes of the War of 1812-14," by Dr. Bourinot, recalls many glorious memories of a struggle of which Canadians have every reason to be proud. The first of three articles on "Swiss Life and Scenery" will be found attractive. The author is a talented Canadian lady who has spent the last two years in the picturesque mountainous republic. The article on Mr. Gladstone is one of the best that has ever been written on England's lamented statesman, and points out very clearly the peculiar growth of his political and social views. The article was printed before the aged statesman passed away. For the illustrations we are indebted to Mr. Frank Yeigh, of Toronto, who has made a splendid collection of cartoons, photographs and other illustrations relating to Mr. Gladstone's life and times.

Mr. Gladstone passed away in the early morning of the nineteenth of May, but in the late evening of a busy and brilliant life.

**Death of Gladstone.**

He accomplished much as a statesman, more as a scholar, and most as a man of sterling quality, with a love of truth and righteousness. His career as a statesman is singular, as has been pointed out by so many writers, in that his views on many political and social questions were the direct opposite in his later years of what they were in his earlier years. This change, however, reflected the spirit of the nine-

teenth century in its abhorrence of special privilege, and its desire to give every man or every section of men equal opportunity. When he commenced his political career, his views of liberty were as narrow as those of the age into which he had been born; when his career closed, they were as broad as those of any of his contemporaries. In the field of scholarship he also made his mark. He wrote on a very large number of subjects, his studies of Homer being perhaps the best known. His personal popularity attested the strength of his character; for he was worshipped by his own followers and loved by thousands who were politically opposed to him. His loss is a national one, and we as Canadians must share it. We bow our heads with the Britishers across the sea and mingle our tears with theirs.

As colonists we have little of a direct character for which we owe Mr. Gladstone any thanks. He never seriously felt, so

far as we know, that the Colonies were destined to become an important part of the Empire, or that the Colonists should receive treatment such as was extended to the residents of the British Isles. He did not, however, actually oppose the growth of the Colonies. What he did was to share with the majority of British statesmen up to 1885 the feeling that a "Little England" was better than a "Greater Britain." He was simply neutral. Sir Henry Parkes, in his work on "The Making of Australian History," (Vol. ii., p. 103) writes: "I had a long conversation on the 23rd with Mr. Gladstone, in which I told him that he had often been charged in Australia, both in the newspapers and in speeches, with being indifferent, if not

inimical, to the preservation of the connection between the Colonies and England. He was visibly surprised at what I told him, and said I was authorized to say that he had never, at any time, favoured such views." This denial does no more than assert the neutrality which we have claimed to be his attitude in regard to colonial development.

In March, 1837, Lord John Russell introduced his famous ten resolutions into the English Parliament, and refused to grant an Elective Legislative Council or to vest absolute control of the revenues in the Assembly of Lower Canada. Mr. Gladstone, then in his period of illiberality, supported the resolutions. Again, when the Rebellion Losses Bill, which had been passed in 1849 by a decided majority in the Legislature of the Province of Canada, and which had been assented to by Lord Elgin, came up in the British House of Commons we find Mr. Gladstone opposing it.

In 1846, when the Australian Colonies were struggling against the exportation of convicts from Great Britain to Australia, Mr. Gladstone successfully attempted to induce New South Wales to again open its doors to this class of immigrants, although he must have known the true feeling of the colonists. This is but a sample of his attitude towards Australia. His conduct towards South Africa cannot be put in a much better light. Speaking of the period from 1860 to 1885, Mr. Egeron, in his admirable work entitled "A Short History of British Colonial Policy," says, p. 367: "Moreover, during the period on which we are entering, the personality of Mr. Gladstone bulks large, and—whatever may have been on occasions his doubtlessly honest professions—most persons have instinctively recognized that his genius and the genius of Greater Britain stood opposed."

I have stated these few facts and opinions, not to detract from the character of the lamented statesman, but rather to show that he failed, as other British statesmen of the early Victor-

ian period failed, to recognize the value and the true character of the colonies. It is not to be expected that Mr. Gladstone should exhibit conduct which is admirable from every point of view, for no man can be perfect. What we must recognize is, that whatever of perfection he did possess it lay in domestic rather than in foreign or colonial administration.

On page 141 of this issue is a reproduction of a portrait of Mr. Gladstone by the late Sir J. E. Millais.

**Millais' Painting.**

On the evening of April 30th this picture furnished a piece of news which interested those who were present at the annual Royal Academy banquet in London. The president, Sir Edward Poynter, announced that Sir Charles Tennant, the present possessor of the painting, intended to present it to the nation. The portrait was exhibited in 1879, and is acknowledged by all to be the finest picture of Mr. Gladstone in existence, and to be among the three or four best portraits ever painted by Millais. It has a political history which adds to its value. At the time of the Bulgarian agitation it was painted for the Duke of Westminster, a strong sympathizer with the oppressed of the East, but when Mr. Gladstone became a Home-Ruler, the Duke was so disgusted that he sold or gave the painting to Sir Charles Tennant. Now Sir Charles intends to give it to the people, and it will grace some one of London's public buildings—probably the Parliament Buildings. Even in our reproduction of the picture one can easily see reason for Sir Edward Poynter's remark that this painting is "unrivalled in its rendering of the mind and spirit of the sitter, since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez."

While the British Empire is mourning one of her greatest statesmen, Canada mourns one of her brightest parliamentarians. D'Alton McCarthy was a man with an ambition, a pride of honour, and a high moral sense equal to

that of Mr. Gladstone himself. His rôle was played on a smaller stage, but it was played just as effectually. Of D'Alton McCarthy, just as well as of Mr. Gladstone, might have been written the words of Justin McCarthy: "To him a seat in Parliament was a matter of utter insignificance unless it enabled him to do some good for his constituents and for the country."

At the outset of his career Mr. McCarthy met with many difficulties. He was called to the Bar in 1858, and began to practice in Barrie. In 1879 he removed to Toronto, and was soon one of Canada's leading lawyers. All the difficulties in his profession he was able to overcome by his aptitude for hard work and by his bright, clear intellect. But it was in his political career that he met his greatest difficulties. Three times did he contest the constituency of North Simcoe, and three times was he defeated. His fourth attempt to enter Parliament was made at a bye-election in Cardwell in 1876, and this time he was successful. In 1878 he again sought election in North Simcoe, was victorious, and represented that constituency until his death.

But Mr. McCarthy will be best remembered by his opposition to the official recognition of Separate Schools, and the use of the French language in the northwest provinces and territories. He never ceased to labour to prevent what he thought to be inimical to the best interests of the people of that section of Canada. There may be two opinions as to the wisdom of his conduct, but there can be but one as to his honesty and sincerity. Had he been less a man and more a politician he might have been Premier of Canada.

Our frontispiece for this month is a picture of Mr. McCarthy. It is THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE'S tribute to the memory of the writer of the first and leading article in its first issue.

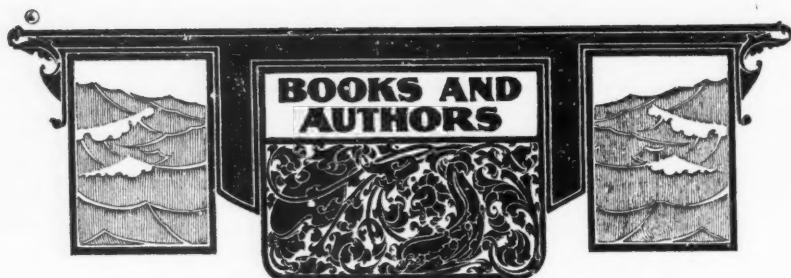
Curling, skating and the theatre have already given way to summer

#### Summer Gayety.

gayety and pleasures. The noble race-horse has been brought from his winter quarters, and is furnishing sport for the multitude—genuine, exhilarating sport with much less meanness than is generally supposed to be attendant upon this particular pastime. The 39th running of the Queen's Plate, the greatest Ontario race, is now a matter of history. It was won, in the City of Toronto, on the 21st day of May, by Bon Ino, a beautiful beast, owned and raised by Mr. Seagram of Waterloo, amid the applause of senators, members of parliament, judges, and a multitude of the more common people. The bicycle has come into evidence with the warm weather, and counts even more worshippers than before. The lacrosse stick is being used by such youth of our land who have been taught that physical excellence is one of the elements of success in life. Baseball finds favour in many quarters; Canada has representative teams in two International Leagues, and hundreds of amateur teams in all parts of the country. The yachts and the canoes have been overhauled and repaired, and our lakes and rivers are already being visited by numbers of pleasure-seekers. The cricket bat and the golf stick are heard in the land, and the angler has fresh tales to tell of struggles with the speckled and other beauties.

We enjoy summer in Canada because of the decided change from our sturdy winters. Moreover, we are an athletic nation, fond of genuine sport, and filled with a spirit which is keeping the physical index of the nation at a high point. Like other Britishers, we take our sports rather seriously, but we take them moderately, and without the slightest inclination to ruffianism or brutality.

*John A. Cooper.*



#### NOVELS IN GENERAL AND NEW.

Grant Allen has recently said that he looks upon the art of writing novels as altogether contemptible and frivolous. Some of Mr. Allen's novels prove that what he says is real conviction, for the stories therein are both contemptible and frivolous. A novel should amuse, entertain and inspire. It should amuse by leading the reader outside of himself and causing him to forget his own worries and troubles. It should entertain by describing life and nature in new ways. The picture which the powerful artist paints interprets nature or life better than the ordinary unskilled individual could interpret it for himself. Through the education and pleasure thus imparted to the individual, he finds entertainment. So, if the novelist enables his readers to see nature and life, in one or two phases, more clearly than before, he is entertaining that reader in a way which is certainly not "contemptible and frivolous." Again, the novel should inspire. It should arouse the reader's sympathies for certain people, or for certain phases of civilization or nature. The novels that inspire Canadians with a love for Canadian nature, Canadian life, Canadian people, or Canadian civilization, are just as important as the patriotic hymn, or the soul-stirring address or sermon.

There are good and bad novels, just as there are good and bad people, paintings, newspapers, systems of government, and methods of reasoning. The reader of novels is wasting his time if he reads novels indiscriminately or merely to satisfy a dumb craving for excitement. Many men are guilty of this, and more women. They never stop to ask "What did the author intend to accomplish in this novel? Was it written merely to amuse? Was it written to amuse and entertain? Was it written to amuse, entertain and inspire? What underlying principle is there behind the surface work of the author?" If such questions as these were asked after the reading of every novel there might be fewer novels read, but there would be much better results.

In a recent issue of *The Homiletic Review*, the Rev. Dr. D. S. Gregory gives three tests of the novel. It must be tested by the laws of the true, the good and the beautiful. First, the law of the true requires the novel to conform to reality; the life and person described must be such as are possible, not caricatures, as were most of Dickens' characters; "love with true home sentiments and honest heart-feelings, and not the puling sentimentality of the satanic press with its everlasting erotic developments." Second, the law of the good requires the use of noble facts, using lower facts solely, if at all, in the interest of the higher and nobler facts. Dumas and Du Maurier are not to be condemned for introducing a heroine of the demi-monde into their novels, but they are to be condemned for extolling their few virtues to such an extent that their vice is felt by the reader to be insignificant. Third, the law of



the beautiful demands that each novel should be a work of art, or at least have some of the qualities of a work of art.

Such are the Doctor's arguments. Further, he does not believe in a novel with a purpose, as novelists cannot be instructors. What he means, probably, is that a novel should not aim to teach a particular doctrine, as some of Mrs. Ward's books evidently were; but it appears to us that if a novel conforms to the law of the true, the good and the beautiful, it must teach. As we have said above, the novel must make the reader love certain characters because of their virtues, or because of the predominance of their virtues over their vices; it must teach a love for nature, for the trees, the flowers, the rivers the mountains, the prairies; and it must teach the reader what to do under certain circumstances, in which for his amusement and edification the leading characters are placed.

Yes, Doctor, the novel may conform, nay, should conform, to the laws of the true, the good and the beautiful, but it should also amuse, entertain and inspire.

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We have just had a Canadian edition of two of James Lane Allen's earlier stories, *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, published in one volume.\* In these stories the author attempts to teach nothing in particular, yet he teaches much. His love for birds, wild animals and flowers is apparent everywhere—the *Kentucky Cardinal* is a bird. He teaches also a love for the sincere and the genuine, by exposing those who are merely a combination of tinsel. But, nevertheless, his novel conforms to the laws of the true, the good and the beautiful. He distinguishes between the poetry and the prose of life as follows:

"The longer I live here, the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly campfire, gypsy-like, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes and woods on the other. Each in turn is to me as a magnet to the needle. At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through one runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May. At others, the needle veers round, and I go to town—to the massed haunts of the highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country cur come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snarled, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is Man."

This is a passage from a genuine love-story—accept that description of "*A Kentucky Cardinal*," until such time as you shall have read it yourself. Yet, would Dr. Gregory say that such a passage does not teach something? Would Grant Allen say that the writing of such a passage is either contemptible or frivolous? Yet there are dozens of passages in these two little tales by James Lane Allen which are as full of meaning and suggestion, of love and sweetness, as the one quoted.

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There has recently been issued a new edition of "*The Translation of a Savage*," by Gilbert Parker. Frank Armour is engaged to a young lady in England. He comes to North America. Shortly afterwards the engagement is broken off by the young lady, to the ill-concealed delight of Frank's father and mother, General and Mrs. Armour. Frank is angry with his fiancée, and angrier with his family. In disgust and rage he determines on revenge. He marries Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-moon, and in one short month, accompanied only by a female attendant, she arrives in Liverpool. And on the other side of the Atlantic, Frank Armour, amidst trappers, traders, Indians and pioneers, chuckles over the sensation which Mrs. Frank Armour will create in the select circle in

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\*Toronto: G. A. Morang. Paper and cloth; illustrated.

which the General and his wife and daughter move. Gilbert Parker entitles this chapter "His Great Mistake." But according to Dr. Gregory, the novelist should not teach!

Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, a worthy daughter of a noble race, is within a year content to go without a blanket or a buckskin suit. Her new relatives are at first angry, afterwards tolerant, and finally loving. Under their care Lali becomes an accomplished and graceful English-woman, and when in about three years she is introduced into London society, she is first a sensation and then a favourite. Just then her careless, dare-devil husband returns to see the woman whom he married in a moment of anger and malice, and the child of this same Indian wife. He is surprised to find her an equal, a beautiful mother, a London favourite. But she has learned the truth, and her love for her white husband has been converted into an intense hate. Frank falls in love with his wife, but her imperious wounded nature moves at his side untouched. He woos in vain. Later on

"He had fallen into a habit of delicate consideration which brought its own reward. He had given up hope of winning her heart or confidence by storm, and had followed his finer and better instincts—had come to the point where he made no claims, and even in his own mind stood upon no rights."

Gilbert Parker seldom scintillates in vivacious dialogue, never writes a novel of preponderating dramatic interest; but he always tells a story which portrays and explains some phase of life, past or present. His story may be commonplace but it is always true, and good, and beautiful. Beneath most of his work one can feel the throbbing of the heart of a man who would do good to his fellow man, who would elevate the ideals of his race not by set sermons but by descriptions of what will entertain and inspire. His work may be uneven, and at times flat, but he is the best Canadian novelist. He is our king until a new king arrives.

The Standard Bearer,\* by S. R. Crockett, is a novel of a different character, but it exalts the love of women and the rectitude and unselfishness of men. Quentin MacClellan suffered much for his conscience' sake in the dark days which Scotland saw in the closing years of the seventeenth century and the opening years of the eighteenth. As the author says:

"A book iron-grey and chill is this that I have written, the tale of times when the passions of men were still working like a yeasty sea after the storms of the Great Killing. . . . This is the story of that one man whose weak and uncertain hand held aloft the Banner of the Blue that I have striven to tell—his failures mostly, his loves and hates, his few bright days and his many dark nights. Yet withal I have found green vales of rest wherein the swallow swept and the cuckoo called to her mate the cry of love and spring."

While the delineation of the preacher's character occupies the main part of the story, the book is full of incidents of extraordinary interest.



#### OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

The world of readers is divided into two classes—those who study history and those who do not. The first class have a knowledge which makes their conversation, their writings and their speeches worthy of being listened to or studied. The second class have but airy nothings to express, and they speak and write of scandals and gossip. The study of history adds to the interest one takes in life, and also to one's realization of its seriousness.

Mr. MacBeth's book on "The Making of the Canadian West"† is a historical volume worthy of much commendation. The author has treated of the

\* Toronto, William Briggs. Cloth, 359 pp.

† Toronto, William Briggs. Cloth: 230 pp.

events of 1870, of 1885, and of the peaceful years before and since in the light of what he himself has seen and experienced. He keeps his point of view admirably, and tells a story of thrilling interest. The text is accompanied by thirty-five illustrations, mostly portraits of the men who have been leading actors in the stirring scenes which have made the history of Manitoba, since 1869, so much more picturesque than the history of the other provinces. The wisdom of using pen and ink sketches instead of the original photographs may seriously be questioned. Even a good pen and ink artist loses much of the character in a face when he draws it. Then the book suffers from a lack of maps. Otherwise the volume does a great credit to Mr. MacBeth and his publisher.

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E. M. Chadwick's piece of historical work, "The People of the Long House,"\* is a very satisfactory contribution to the literature relating to our Indian tribes. The Six Nations, or Iroquois—the other two common names of these Indians—have a history of considerable antiquity, and one which during the last hundred and fifty years is a part of the history of British rule in Canada. Major Chadwick, himself a nominated Indian chief, gives much information concerning their laws and customs, with chapters on Indian names and Indian character. The book is uniquely bound and handsomely printed.

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Blackie & Son's latest issues in their Victorian Era Series† are: The Free Trade Movement, by G. Armitage-Smith; and The British Colonies, by Rev. William Parr Creswell. The former writer is one of the leading economists of London, while the latter is best known here through his History of Canada. Armitage-Smith's work aims to give a complete history of the two principles, Free Trade and Protection—past and present, British and Foreign. It is apparently complete and exhaustive, besides being impartial. Creswell's work is not by any means exhaustive. His History of Canada showed that he knew very little about this country, and this book shows that added years have not greatly enlarged his knowledge. As giving a cursory glance over the growth of all the British colonies, his work has value—but that is the best the fairest critic can say.

#### PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Mr. Thomas Conant, of Oshawa, has arranged with William Briggs for the issue, during the coming autumn, of a volume of "Upper Canada Sketches," which promises much interesting reading. Mr. Conant, who comes of U. E. Loyalist stock, and traces his ancestry back to the Pilgrim Fathers, has much to tell of the experiences of the family in their removal to Canada and of life in the early settlements of Ontario, together with the author's own reminiscences of later events. A very striking feature of the book will be a series of illustrations, some twenty in number, specially prepared for the purpose by a clever Canadian artist. These illustrations are being lithographed in colours by Messrs. Barclay, Clark & Co., Toronto, and it is expected they will surpass anything of the kind yet attempted in Canada. It is the intention of the publisher to make the work in letter-press, paper and binding—as it undoubtedly will be in illustration—the handsomest volume ever issued from the Canadian press.

William Briggs has in the press a work of great interest and importance in "A History of Steam Navigation, and its Relation to the Trade and Commerce of Canada and the United States," by Mr. James Croil, of Montreal, a gentleman whose name is closely identified with the shipping interests of Canada, and who is qualified in every way for the preparation of a work of this sort. Mr. Croil

\* Toronto: The Church of England Publishing Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 75 cents.

has given special attention to the illustrating of his work, having at much labour and expense gathered together what he regards as a larger and more valuable collection of engravings of steam-vessels, from the first rude craft down to the elegant floating palaces of the present day, than has ever yet been published. There will be in all about eighty half-tone engravings, of which fully twenty are full-page. It is proposed to put the book on the market in September.

In "Folks from Dixie, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Toronto, George N. Morang), the reader will find negro life depicted in a series of bright, humorous and entertaining sketches, such as will instantly fix his attention. The complex character of the darkie, with its love of fun, its love of religious sensation, and, it may be said, its love for chicken and the delicate flesh of the "possum," has afforded Mr. Dunbar a rare mine for literary endeavour. His book displays a sympathetic insight into coloured human nature which will gain him the approval of a large circle of readers. Nobody who reads "Anner 'Liser," for instance, can fail to admire the way in which the conflicting claims of love and religion in the handsome black girl's heart are shown in their various phases. "I's be'n tryin' to git 'ligion fu' fou' nights," says Anner 'Lizer, "an' I cain't do it jes' on yo' 'count; I pray, an' I prays, an' jes' as I's a'mos' got it, jes' as I begin to heah de cha'iot wheels a-rollin' yo' face comes right in 'tween an' drives it all away." In these twelve short sketches, with Mr. E. W. Kemble's clever illustrations, there is food for laughter and tears. Moreover, a high tone of moral earnestness pervades Mr. Dunbar's pages. A negro himself, he here shows that his race is no bar to the possession of true literary instinct and a high class of literary art.

The Bookman Literary Year Book 1898 (Toronto, George N. Morang) cannot fail to be interesting to all who love books, and are attracted by the personalities of those who write them. It is edited by James MacArthur, and is exceedingly well illustrated by numerous reproductions of photographic portraits of distinguished literary people. With each photographic presentation of these darlings of the public is a short biographical sketch which gives enlightening details as to the career of its subject. Among the most interesting are those of James Lane Allen, H. E. Hamblin, Alfred Henry Lewis, Charles G. D. Roberts and Israel Zangwill. As a matter of course, the older lions of the literary menagerie are duly photographed, adding both bulk and orthodoxy to a book which will no doubt find a convenient place on many a book-shelf. In addition to the notices of the leading authors of the year the book contains the obituaries of those who have passed away during that period, among them being a notable essay on the late Richard Holt Hutton, by T. H. S. Escott, and a large amount of information on literary matters. The somewhat miscellaneous character of the supplementary contents may be judged from the fact that they include not only a retrospect of Victorian literature, but a list of the hundred best books for a village library, from an English and American point of view respectively, and also the best set of directions for correcting proofs that we remember to have seen.

"Judith Moore," by Joanna E. Wood, the clever Canadian novelist, has been such a decided success that the publishers have decided to bring out a special edition of "The Untempered Wind," bound uniform with the previous book. "The Untempered Wind" was published in New York in 1894, and was pronounced by *Current Literature* and other New York literary periodicals to be the best work of fiction in that year. It has not, until the present time, been published in Canada. The cloth edition will be published at one dollar, and the paper edition at fifty cents.

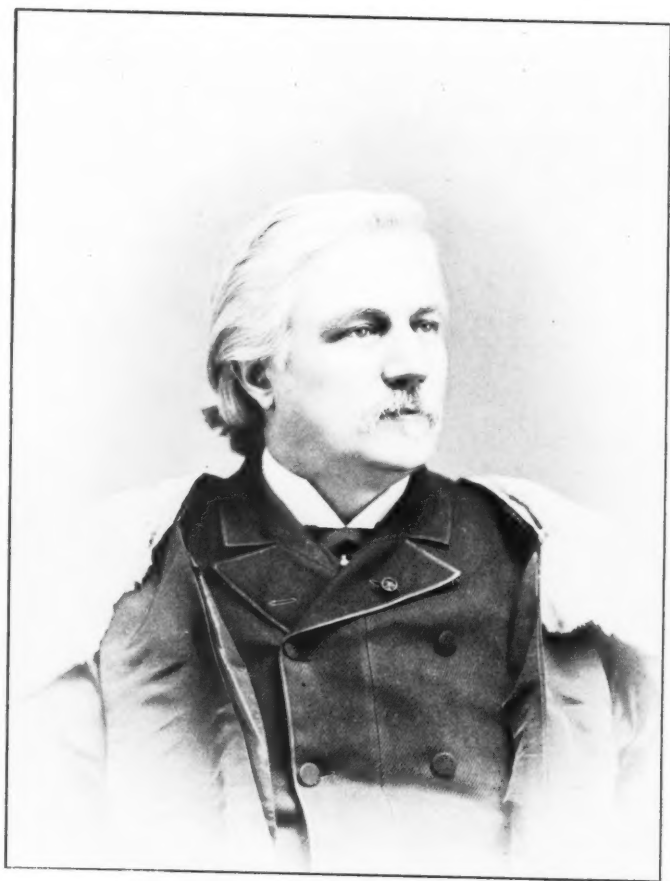
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SIR J. ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, K.C.M.G.

SEE "EDITORIAL COMMENT."